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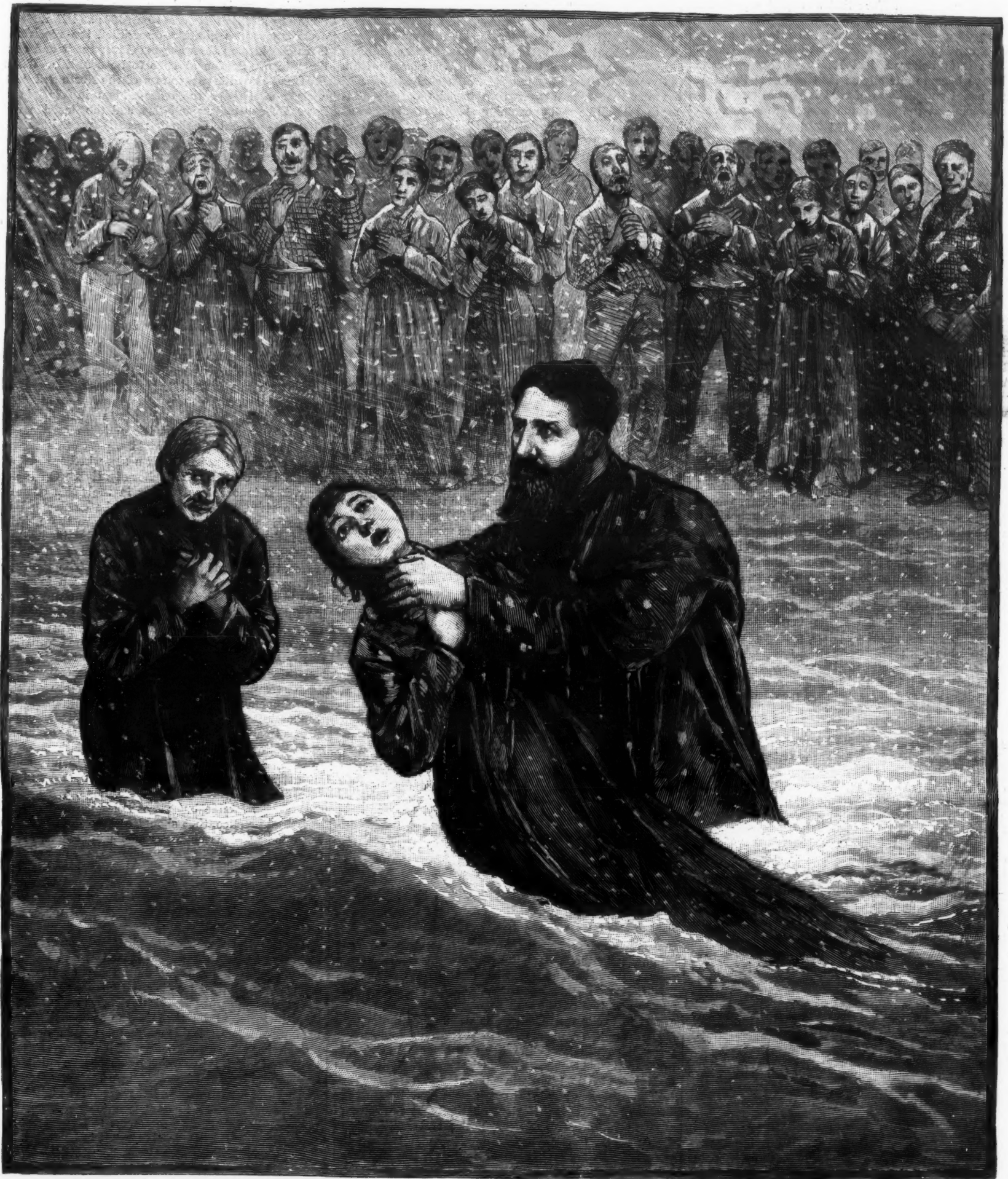
FRANK LESLIE'S  
**ILLUSTRATED**  
**NEWSPAPER**

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No. 1,545.—VOL. LX.]

NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 2. 1885.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.  
12 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



PENNSYLVANIA.—BAPTISMAL RITES OF THE "CHURCH OF GOD," AS PERFORMED AT SAXTON, BEDFORD COUNTY,  
ON SUNDAY, APRIL 12TH.  
SEE PAGE 175.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.  
Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, MAY 2, 1885.

### SHOULD AMERICAN SYMPATHY BE WITH ENGLAND, OR WITH RUSSIA?

SINCE the great Afghan dispute has become the dominant topic, the question has been discussed in metropolitan journals as to whether American sympathy should fall to the lot of England or Russia, war or no war. Those who contend that it should go to England put their arguments on the basis that Britain represents a higher civilization than the personal despotism of the Czar, and that her sway over India would be marked in the future, as in the past, by a progressive development tending to more liberal ideas in Hindostan. The advocates of a moral alliance with Russia in her Eastern struggle set forth that Russia was the only friend of the Union during the Civil War; that she kept a powerful fleet on our Eastern seaboard, and was emphatic in her assertions of a desire to maintain the integrity of the Republic, continuing such a constant attitude of friendship that it is believed, had England interfered, she would have become our ally on land and sea; that this aid and moral support was of vital import to our salvation, appearing at the opportune moment; and was followed at the close of the War by the cession of Russian America to the United States for a nominal consideration, in order that British America might find herself sandwiched in between two sections of our territory. It is apparent that the position that we should give our moral support to Russia is founded chiefly on gratitude, if, of course, we omit the very material consideration to our commerce, that the destruction of the carrying trade of Great Britain means the rapid advance of the maritime power of this country and its probable supremacy over all rivals. Of course, it cannot be assumed that the friendly feelings prevailing between Americans and Russians are due to the similarity of their social and political systems or imperial tendencies. Men like Mr. George Kennan may declare in public addresses that Siberia is a fair place of refuge for political offenders, and the Russian Government is a much-abused institution; but Americans cannot be blinded to the fact that no known savage abode exists where security of life and property and liberty of person are held so lightly as in the Russias of the Romanoffs. "Why," exclaimed a celebrated French orator, during the Franco-Prussian war, when reproaching the United States for not coming to the aid of France in return for the services of Lafayette and Rochambeau during our Revolution, "the moral alliance of Russia and America is a colossal crime, a monstrosity, the marriage of a virgin to a foul debauchee, and the most debasing spectacle in modern history." Even Carlyle, much as he hated America, wondered at it; and, of course, it can stand no investigation whatever. It may be pleasant for Americans to be everywhere welcome in Russia, to be among the first at Court, and to be rewarded with imperial contracts; but the facts remain that the political and social fabric is the foulest in Europe, and essentially Asiatic; but, perhaps, no more than that of the Turk.

Yet it is difficult, on sentimental grounds, for Americans to cast their sympathies with England. Forgetting her conduct during the Civil War, it is not true, as any club-frequenting of London knows, that the ruling classes of England have any sincere regard for America or Americans. Those who, as actors, lecturers or essayists, come here to gather our money, or are feasted, and, as it were, bribed into saying pleasant things about us, may make their felicitous speeches and scatter their broadcast flattery; but way down deep in their several wells there is a contempt for those of our qualities which should call for the most honest applause, and a vacant wonder only how such a commonplace and vulgar people can obtain such rapid power and opulence. Let any New Yorker count up the list of his acquaintances among Englishmen residing here, and find out how many have become American citizens. He will find them the very rare exceptions. It is not the sturdy manhood, the honest independence of self, the absence of sycophancy in the personality, the high average intelligence of our public men, that give us any social standing in England; all of that is founded on the faces of pretty American girls of vivacious temperaments and finished manners; and on this tie is built the goodwill that exists between the American people and the English. The Sir Leppel Griffins constitute the large body of the British aristocracy.

Taken these facts, it is difficult to say where American sympathy will go, and more difficult still to say where it should go.

### FIXING THE RESPONSIBILITY.

THERE has been no delay in officially fixing the responsibility for the death of Louis Walters, who was killed by the fall of the flimsy tenement-houses on Sixty-second Street. The Coroner's jury, after listening to unimpeachable testimony, has charged the primary responsibility upon Buddensiek, the "skin builder," and

to a certain extent upon Franck, his foreman. Haug, the nominal owner, put forward as a "dummy" by Buddensiek, according to his practice, does not escape. Mackey and Dailey, the negligent examiners, are also inculpated, and the verdict empowered the Coroner to order the arrest of all five men. The clumsiness of our present procedure in such cases was curiously illustrated, for Buddensiek, his "dummy," and the examiners had already been indicted for manslaughter in the first degree by the Grand Jury, and had been arraigned in the Court of General Sessions. Fortunately, the Penal Code provides that a homicide caused without intent by a person engaged in committing a misdemeanor, may be punished by imprisonment for from five to twenty years. Under this clause the indictment was brought. The misdemeanor was violation of the Building Laws. There will be few tears shed if Buddensiek is sentenced to the full term of twenty years.

For the evidence shows that this man, who boasts of erecting over 1,500 buildings in this city, has persistently used scanty and poor material for years, hiding himself behind "dummies" to evade the Building Department. Says an expert: "He has built some of the meanest houses in town, in the cheapest style, just clapped together." His workmen have been ground down in their wages, but Buddensiek, we are told, is a rich man. The "mud mortar," made without sand and utterly without cohesiveness, the broken and crumbling bricks, insecure foundations and flimsy woodwork of the Sixty-second Street tenements, are so characteristic of the man, that experts express no surprise, only suggesting that it will be well to examine his other buildings. It is probable that "skin building" is not confined to tenements, and there is reason to believe that there are pretentious houses in the neighborhood of Fifth and Madison Avenues which would not bear close comparison with the requirements of the law. Buddensiek is one of a class, and that this class flourishes as it does is due to the support afforded by wealthy men who are ready to advance money to "skin builders," and to the inadequacy of our Building Department. Capitalists who loan money to men of Buddensiek's stamp should be made to feel that they incur a share of the responsibility for the blood of murdered workmen and the privations of families whose bread-winners have been maimed or disabled by a builder's greed. Such associations of workmen as the Bricklayers' Union have it in their power to protect their members and benefit the public by persistently exposing cases of illegal building.

But it is the Building Department to which the citizens of New York look for final protection. When such disasters occur as the one of which we write, or the falling of the Grand Street tenement-house some time since, or a serious flat-house or theatre fire, the public press at once reproaches the Inspector of Buildings, and his answer is always the same excuse of insufficient appropriations and too few men for the work. According to Inspector D'Oench, the examiner in the district where the recent accident took place had 200 new buildings in his charge. If this excuse be true, as would appear, New York's Building Department must be supplied with funds enough to render it of service to the city. According to ex-Inspector Esterbrook, appointments in this department are divided among the Fire Commissioners as political patronage, and it is frequently impossible to secure the removal of incompetent appointees, since one Commissioner will not interfere with the men chosen by the others. Here we have traced back the line of causes to some things very like the machinery of the old spoils system. If, as Mr. Esterbrook says, the present arrangement exists "for purely selfish and political purposes and to strengthen the Commissioners," the facts should be known before another building disaster occurs. His remedy is to separate the Building Bureau from the Fire Department, to make it a distinct department with a Superintendent appointed by the Mayor, the former to appoint his subordinates and to be held responsible. The adoption of some such plan as this for fixing a direct responsibility may be hastened by the present spectacle of two Building Examiners under indictment for manslaughter, one of whom has retained his place through political influence.

### EXCITEMENT IN VIRGINIA.

"THE excitement in Virginia has not been so great since the War as it is to-day," says a dispatch from Richmond. The cause of the popular agitation is a decision of the United States Supreme Court to the effect that Virginia must pay her bonds, and that she has not the Constitutional power to repudiate a debt which she has contracted through regular forms of law. This seems to excite universal indignation. The State press is almost united against it. There is even a danger that party lines will be obliterated, party names sunk, and Mahone elected Governor by a combination of Bourbons and professional Repudiationists.

The decision alluded to was sustained by Justices Field, of California; Harlan, of Kentucky; Woods, of Georgia; Blatchford, of New York; and Matthews, of Ohio; while the dissenting opinion, maintaining the power of a State to repudiate its contracts, was supported by Justices Bradley, of New Jersey; Waite, of Ohio; Miller, of Iowa; and Gray, of Massachusetts. It is noted as odd, that the doctrine of sovereign "State-rights" was approved by four of the six Northern members of the

Court, while the three Southern members united in rejecting it.

The Repudiationists have a fairly plausible case—in law. The Eleventh Amendment of the Constitution expressly provides that "the judicial power of the United States shall not be construed to extend to any suit in law or equity, begun or prosecuted against any one of the United States by citizens of another State." This would seem explicitly to forbid such a decision as has just been rendered—or any decision at all upon the question. But, to get around this, the suit, instead of being brought against the State of Virginia, was brought against a State official—which would seem to the inexperienced layman the same thing, but is held by the Court to be altogether something else! So the decision is rendered, that a State has not the Constitutional power to impair the obligation of contracts, and that any such pretended enactment is not valid and cannot be enforced. It seems technically wrong, but it is morally correct; for the war settled the question that we are one nation, and not a loose confederacy of independent republics. If the Eleventh Amendment so conflicts with this rendering, let it be repealed.

The important questions are, What will happen in Virginia politics? and what will the President do? In Virginia there is a howl for repudiation. The State taxes are already forty cents on \$100; and if, under this decision, coupons hitherto discredited are received for taxes, it will clog the wheels of Government and compel the rate of taxation at once to be doubled. Will the President obey the party press of the North and "make a clean sweep" of the office-holders in Virginia who favor Mahone and repudiation, and the doctrine which Attorney-general Garland recently proclaimed while serving as counsel for Virginia in this very case? Or will he keep his hands off, and permit the State to defy the Supreme Court and defeat its mandate by evasive legislation? If the excitement in Virginia continues to increase, the news from Afghanistan will soon occupy a very subordinate place in the mind of the President.

### THE AWFUL SKATING-RINKS.

THE pulpit and the religious press are in full cry against the skating-rink—not merely against its abuses, but against the thing itself, as if it were an invention of the devil to ruin souls. Now, we concede that this form of amusement, like every other, is liable to abuse, and therefore requires to be placed under wholesome regulations. Unscrupulous men may sometimes invest their money in rinks, caring nothing for abuses, but only for their profits. It is the province of the pulpit and the duty of society to be watchful in this and in all similar cases, with a view to suppress everything that tends to seduce the young from the path of virtue. But surely skating is not in itself a sin, whether performed upon the ice or under the shelter of a rink. On the contrary, it is innocent as walking in the fields or boating upon a river, and is no more to be condemned than religion itself for its abuses. There are those, indeed, who insist upon judging religion, not by its legitimate principles and tendencies, but by the bigotry, the intolerance, the cant and hypocrisy of some of its professors; and they are no more unreasonable or foolish in so doing than the religionists who argue in the same way concerning amusements.

To one who is old enough to remember what happened forty or fifty years ago, the attitude of the Church upon this question then and now forms an interesting study. Then dancing, card-playing and the theatre were even more strenuously condemned than they are now; and Church-members indulging in these pastimes were excommunicated. The Tract Society had in its list of publications treatises condemning such practices as sinful, and ecclesiastical bodies fulminated denunciations of them from year to year as devices of Satan to lure souls to hell. Slavery, administered by pious men, and well mixed with prayers, hymns and Bible-readings, was held to be not only a tolerable but very wholesome and altogether scriptural practice, that should cast no doubt or shadow upon the religious character of its upholders. Against this the Tract Society had nothing to say, but was in the habit of mutilating foreign literature to spare the feelings of slaveholders. But the men and women who danced, or attended the theatre, were either unceremoniously excluded from Church fellowship or held under ban as offenders.

Of late the war against dancing has relaxed, the majority of Church members in cities and large towns being in the habit of sending their children to the dancing-school, thus treating the hostility of the pulpit with open contempt. In this day comes roller-skating, to be denounced in its turn in the same indiscriminate, hammer-and-tongs fashion, without reason or the least glimmering of common sense. All this serves to show that the Church is pervaded by an ascetic spirit, that at bottom she does not really believe that amusement is a necessity of human nature, but regards it as unfriendly to piety, and, therefore, to be discountenanced. A Boston preacher lately made an argument to show that to seek "pleasure" in this "vale of tears" is in itself a sin! The requirement that we should not be "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God," he interprets as a condemnation of all pleasure as incompatible with love of God!

All this is as lamentable as it is foolish. The abuses that attend roller-skating need correction, but the at-



tempt to put down the amusement as sinful in itself, or as necessarily dangerous to good morals, is fore-ordained to fail, as the war upon the theatre and dancing and social card-playing has failed. If the Church desires her voice upon such questions to be heeded, she must learn to speak with some degree of reason and common sense, and with due respect to the God-ordained laws of human nature.

#### AN ENORMOUS WASTE.

THE American people is distinguished for its prodigality—expenditure. The frequent remark that a French family would thrive on what an American family wastes is doubtless true. In the use of liquor this prodigality is most manifest. Writing not at all from the point of view of the temperance agitator, but from that of the political economist, it is evident that the annual expenditure for liquor in the United States constitutes a very serious drain on the wealth and resources of the people.

The statistics gathered by distillers and brewers, and by the officials of the Government, show that in the year ending June 30th, 1884, 79,616,601 gallons of distilled liquor and 18,995,616 barrels of fermented liquor were consumed in the United States. It is estimated that about 5,000,000 gallons of distilled liquor were used for medical and mechanical purposes. To the consumer, at ordinary rates, the cost of distilled liquor drunk was \$478,546,246.40, and of the malt liquor \$636,252,798.53. The drink bill of the American people for a single year was thus no less than \$1,114,799,044.93!

By such extravagance the political economist may well be troubled. So great a tax on resources would easily and soon drive the ordinary nations into bankruptcy. It is only the great wealth and large profits of the people which permit such a waste, without entailing most lamentable financial consequences. The drink bill of England is less than that of the United States, and the expenditure in Germany for liquor is only about one-third what it is in this country. The United States is, in its annual bill for drink, wasting more than it can afford to lose.

#### BUSINESS AND THE WAR CLOUD.

STOCKS are not so much affected by the rumors of impending war between England and Russia as wheat. Stocks are nearly neglected by the public at large, and the most sensational reports from London fail to produce any speculative excitement. The professional speculators, who are well supplied with stocks, express the belief that an actual declaration of war would cause a material rise in the stock market. Their opponents contend that while, in the event of war, prices would probably at first advance slightly, the ultimate effects would be unfavorable upon American securities; that the war loan of England would probably be greatly increased; that English investors would sell their American stocks, especially those which do not pay a dividend, and buy the new loan; that the Bank of England's rate of discount would probably be markedly advanced, and that there would be a heavy drain of gold from this country; that there would be much greater activity in the money market than now, and that under these circumstances investors holding stocks and bonds paying less than six per cent. would sell them, and that the so-called "fancy" stocks would have but little speculative value.

The prospect of a sharp contention among the railroads of the West and Northwest over the recent secret reductions in freight rates also militates against any present advance of importance in American stocks; and, indeed, this fact alone has latterly been sufficient to neutralize the effect of the war news from Europe.

The wheat speculation has continued on an extensive scale, with marked and rapid fluctuations in prices. The visible supply of wheat has decreased an important item; the crop really appears to have suffered some damage, though it would seem to have been greatly exaggerated for speculative purposes. The latest reports indicate an improvement in the prospects for the winter wheat crop, while fair progress is reported in the seeding of spring wheat. The export trade in wheat and corn has decreased here of late materially, but it is averred that about 700,000 bushels of corn are stored here awaiting shipment to foreign markets.

#### SANITARY SUGGESTIONS.

THE prematurely sultry weather of the last week has exposed some of the weak points in the sanitary condition of the city. In the crowded tenement-house districts, the sudden heat hastened the decay of garbage and like substances left in streets and yards, and unsavory smells have called loudly for the intervention of Sanitary Inspectors. Some of the East Side quarters which are thickly settled by Italians, Poles, Bohemians and others, can be kept clean only by unremitting exertions on the part of the Health Board and the Street Department. In more favored localities the wretched condition of the dirty streets has proved a source of great discomfort. The street dust, which has been blown about in clouds of late, is pronounced by oculists to be peculiarly injurious to the eyes, and it is liable to convey disease germs. But the greatest foe to the city's health, of which we have lately had warning, is the foul, sickening odor from Hunter's Point, which nightly settles down upon Murray Hill and adjacent parts of the city. The oil refineries and fat-rendering establishments responsible for this stench have been attacked again and again, but without result. Possibly, in view of the chance of cholera, the attack may be renewed more successfully. Anything which causes weakness or lowered vitality helps to render one more susceptible to cholera,

and the breathing of Hunter's Point odors all night is enough to lower the vitality of a rhinoceros. These points, and the interior sanitary arrangements of tenement-houses, are brought forcibly to mind by the recent foretaste of hot weather. According to an interview, lately published in the *Tribune*, Dr. W. M. Smith, the Health Officer of the Port, has kept a careful record of the progress of cholera abroad, and exercises a certain degree of watchfulness upon Egyptian, French and Italian ports, and the neighborhood of Valencia, Spain. The system of inspection and disinfection adopted at Quarantine seems theoretically perfect, but it is possible that the dreaded cholera germ may be smuggled in. The Health Board has done much good work of late, as has appeared from recent *Tribune* reports, but it is of vital importance that the arrival of hot weather should find the city in the best sanitary condition, with all public nuisances abolished, including the nuisances of Hunter's Point.

#### A BID FOR HUSBANDS.

THE resident spinsters of a certain brisk New Hampshire village have evidently a better knowledge of arithmetic than of human nature. Determined no longer to exist husbandless and unprotected, yet having found their friends of the opposite sex delinquent in wooing, they united, the other day, and issued a decree, ukase, hatt, or what not, publicly declaring it to be the holy duty of every single man in the community to bestir himself and select a partner from their midst. The delinquents—attractive bachelors, presumably, or why held in demand?—at once discovered themselves cornered, with chance for escape only on the plaintive protestation of financial inability to support a family. No sooner was this plea voiced than the cunning damsels surrounded their captives with an unscaleable barricade of figures. Nothing was lacking from the itemized solution of the cheerful conspirators—from the wife's dress-allowance of eighty dollars per annum down to the husband's daily two and one-half cents for cigars. The husband's apparel they figure at less than the cost of the wife's. And regarding possible progeny, these practical New England maidens draw the line sharply after the fourth addition. A family of six should exist comfortably on the modest total of \$575 a year, proposed the united sisterhood!

Foolish virgins! Was ever man born of woman known who, once desirous to wed, would permit meagreness of income to impede his progress? Nay, the man in love—more's the pity!—is wont to take small heed for the morrow. Woman gains little when she gains a husband by reasoning. The only pressure which should influence a man towards matrimony is the pressure of a yearning affection upon his inmost heart—the dear, old-fashioned love, pure and irresistible. Far better that every mother's daughter in the Union live single till doomsday than that, through persuasion, calculation, or other persistence, she at length constrain some half-unwilling male to yoke himself and travel at her side. The instance is yet to be recorded of unalloyed felicity vouchsafed to a married couple of which the woman was chief wooer.

#### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

LONDON is growing accustomed to dynamite, and has other things to be concerned about. The explosion at the Admiralty Office last Thursday was probably as serious as any of those which preceded it, except the simultaneous ones at the House of Commons and the Tower last January; yet it caused very little excitement, and the details furnished concerning it are meagre. It was at first supposed that the explosion was the result of the premature discharge of a projectile which had been sent to the Admiralty for examination, but investigation quickly led to the belief that it was caused by an infernal machine, which was probably thrown through a window. Mr. Edwin M. Swainson, assistant secretary and principal clerk, suffered a concussion of the brain. The room occupied by Mr. Swainson was shattered, the adjacent corridors were much damaged, and all the windows were blown out. The business of the office will be hampered for some time, on account of the confusion ensuing, and the repairs rendered necessary. Not an arrest has been made, and the only clew appears to be the inevitable clock "of American manufacture," which is reported to have turned up in the debris.

No decided change has come over the aspect of the war question during the past week. The credit of \$55,000,000 for the army and navy account, asked for by Mr. Gladstone, was voted in the House of Lords without a division. Sir Peter Lumsden's dispatch, in reply to the Government's inquiry as to the correctness of General Komaroff's report of the encounter between the Russians and the Afghans on the Kushk River, has been made public, and gives the lie direct to the Russian General upon several important points. As the latter officer is openly upheld by his Government, Russia's game becomes clear enough; and while the feeling in England grows somewhat calmer, it is not with the calmness which presages peace. Mr. Gladstone, when pressed with inquiries in the House of Commons, is said to have made an almost pathetic appeal to members of Parliament not to press upon the Government questions concerning the situation in Egypt, or the conditions of the correspondence with Russia upon the Afghan boundary and the collision of the Russian and Afghan troops. Evidently, the Prime Minister does not wish to give England's enemies abroad too much information through the medium of Parliament.

France has taken occasion to raise a little disturbance in Egypt over the suppression of the *Bosphore Egyptien*, a French journal published at Cairo. At latest accounts, however, this somewhat trivial matter is in a fair way towards an amicable settlement. The only trouble was, that MM. Brisson and De Freycinet were a little too hasty in making a show of spirited resentment. To have shown weakness would have been to justify the sneers of the late Premier's partisans, who, with some appearance of reason, attribute the loss of prestige in Egypt to the timidity and vacillations of M. de Freycinet.

The Prince of Wales's jaunt to the Lakes of Killarney was disturbed by nothing more serious than "frequent hootings," and a display of black flags at some places along the banks of the Shannon. On their return to Dublin the party attended the Punchestown Races (the Irish Derby), and were greeted with apparent enthusiasm; but there were ominous hints concerning a hostile reception said to be preparing at Londonderry.

Nihilism is apparently in a quiescent state at present. Hartmann, one of the leaders of the movement, says, according to an interview reported by James Redpath, that the Terrorists will make no attacks upon the Government in the event of war. Such a decision, if ever made, might be ascribed either to latent patriotism or to an apprehension that attacks at such a time would popularize the Government.

A DAILY newspaper for children and young people has been started in this city. Here is an extract from its editorial, in the first issue, on General Grant: "So many gaunt and grizzly *ifs* stalk into every theory which presents itself with what seems to

promise a reasonable capacity for holding water, and at once knock the bottom out of the ratiocinative chalice, that we are dazed and driven off in search of some sounder vessel in which to hold the fluid of our speculation." No wonder the editor is dazed; and it is safe to assume the children will be who read about his "ratiocinative chalice."

EVERYTHING in connection with the crop prospects in this country is always of interest; with the warlike outlook in Europe the subject takes on increased importance. In Minnesota and Dakota, it is reported that farmers have sown their grain five days earlier than usual, and in Southern Dakota some wheat was put in on the 20th of March; as a *per contra*, lack of rain is seriously felt, and the ground is said to be in a much less favorable condition than last year at the corresponding period.

It is an assumption on the part of Baltimore, a piece of gastronomic arrogance, to revile less favored cities for their ignorance of the delights of terrapin, in view of the fact that the Monument City was itself equally unlearned on that interesting subject no longer than a quarter of a century ago. Then a dealer had hard work to dispose of \$1,000 worth of diamond-backs in a year, at \$8 to \$10 a dozen; last season the same man sold \$100,000 worth at two or three times the figures named, and could have sold five times as many if he could have obtained the terrapin.

Mr. A. G. Horn, an editor in Mississippi, has written to President Cleveland asking a pardon for Jefferson Davis. He urges this act of executive clemency as a relief to the South of "a great deal of mortification and distress," and on account of distinguished military and civil services to a country now at peace. The petition concludes: "The Southern people trusted you, Mr. President, and they will call you blessed if you grant this petition. It will be the last act of clemency that will wipe out the only remaining vestige of the War." It is to be added that Mr. Horn made the request on his own responsibility, and without consultation with Mr. Davis. While there may be no good and sufficient reason why President Cleveland should not pardon Mr. Davis, perhaps Mr. Horn does not fairly represent Southern sentiment on the subject, and no intimation has ever reached the public that Mr. Davis personally desires that his political disabilities shall be removed. And, speaking of Mr. Davis as the "only remaining vestige of the War," Mr. Horn appears to forget the densely populated cemeteries, North and South, and there still exists a fairly formidable residuum of a National Debt.

In commenting on the Water-meter Bills before the Legislature, most of the daily papers of New York speak as if the proposition was a plot for swindling the city. The fact is, that 10,000 meters have been bought and paid for, and are now on our hands; and the companion fact is, that the introduction and use of meters would greatly retard the waste of water and make the present supply sufficient for the next half century. New York city now receives from the Croton pipes no less than ninety gallons of water every day for every man, woman and child; while Paris, with all its fountains, has only forty gallons; Liverpool, with all its factories, has only thirty-five gallons; London has only twenty-five gallons. Two cities of New England that use water-meters, Providence and Worcester, consume daily per inhabitant only thirty and twenty-two gallons of water respectively, and they have all they need. New York would have compelled the use of water-meters (except in tenement-houses) a generation ago, if it had not been for the rapacity of ring contractors who wanted to build new twenty million dollar reservoirs. Let the water-meters which Tweed bought, and for which the city has had to pay \$1,400,000, if they are still good for anything, be harnessed up and made to work in behalf of economy.

LONDON and Chicago grain speculators seem to be acting in concert, and not always, it would appear, in an entirely creditable way. If people must speculate in such an article as grain, at least some slight regard for ordinary honesty should be observed. Many misguided persons, speculators, shrewd and otherwise, have been of late, it is charged, systematically victimized through canards concocted in Chicago and London. From Chicago come false reports as to the progress of the diplomatic contest between Russia and England, together with sensational rumors about the damage done to the winter wheat crop. In London, their confederates, it is further averred, are engaged in advancing or lowering the price of British consols, as the exigencies of speculation demand. In other words, the manoeuvres of some of the English and Western speculators, it is averred, are altogether too suggestive of what may not too severely be termed commercial blacklegism. When these persons hold large supplies of wheat, war rumors are plentiful and prices are forced upward; when they have sold, and are anxious to depress the price in order to buy for another advance, rumors of an assured peace are extensively circulated, and answer their purpose in business hours; the price falls rapidly, and then the same disreputable process is repeated. The persons, as a rule, at least, nominally respectable, who are not ashamed to indulge in such practices, merit the severest reprobation, and, what is more to the point, the full penalty of the law, wherever it takes cognizance of conspiracy in trade.

AS THE day for the May anniversaries comes round, the procession of Woman's Rights advocates is not as ostentatiously and oratorically defiant as of yore; in fact, it is a little drooping. Susan Anthony, Cady Stanton, Lucy Stone and the other veterans of the "cause," will not go off the stage of life as triumphant as Garrison and Wendell Phillips did. Yet it may be said of them that, if they have not succeeded in direct attacks, they have succeeded obliquely. They have not got the "rights" they wanted, but they have secured other privileges that are perhaps more important and valuable. They cannot vote, but they have opened to all womanhood an entrance to a multitude of respectable occupations which were closed to them nearly a generation ago. And they have shamed colleges into giving them a chance. Not only our own colleges are unlocking their doors, but those of all lands. In Russia, women may now pursue their studies in all the great universities. In 1870 women were first admitted to the universities of Sweden. Last year, for the first time, women entered the University of Brussels. Some thirty women, including six or eight Americans, are now attending the choice University of Zurich, in Switzerland, and at the University of Geneva nearly as many are studying. There are more women at college in France than in any other country in Europe, and even Italy has opened the way for girls to pursue a high course of study. Conservative England has, too, been affected by the spirit of the age, and her greatest universities of Oxford and Cambridge are relaxing their sexual exclusiveness, and admitting thoughtful and studious women to the final competition for the prizes of knowledge. All civilized nations are moving in the right direction, and the veteran Woman's Rights advocates of this country are largely to be credited with the impulse.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 175.



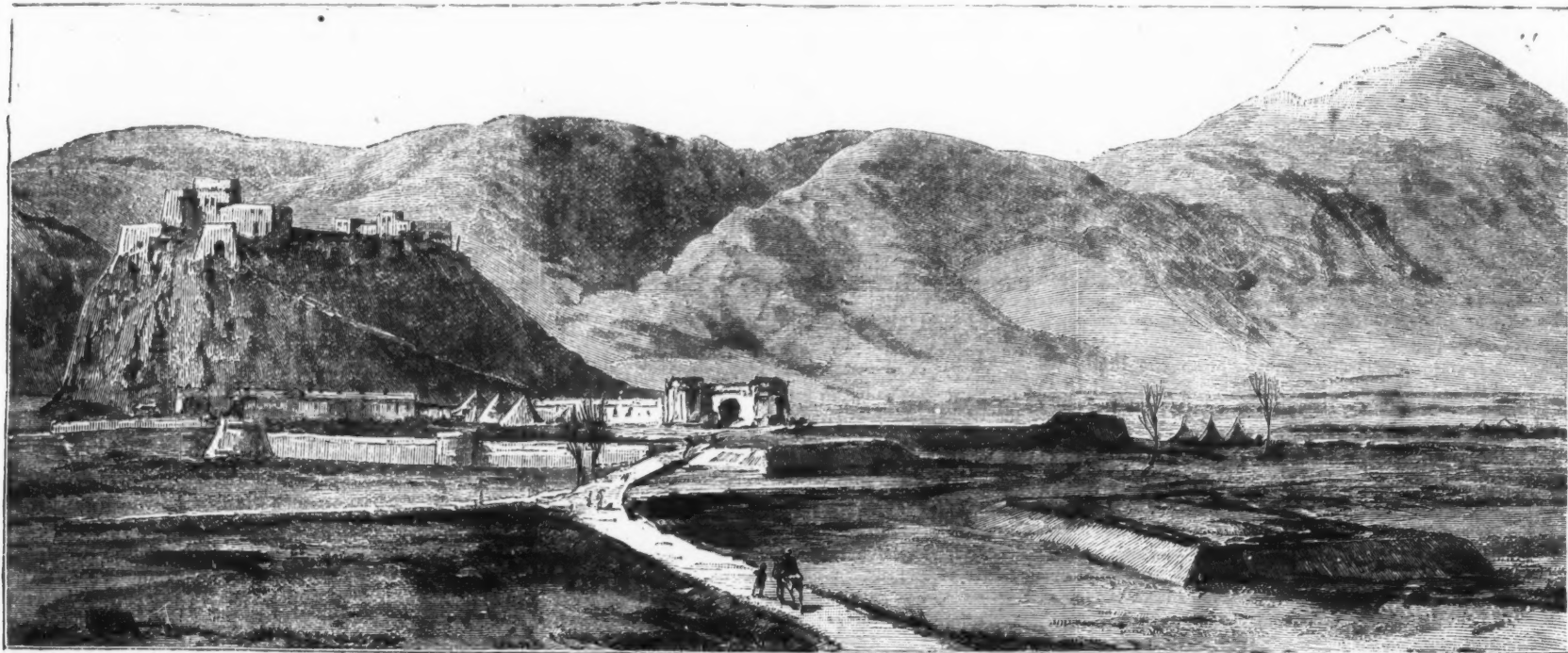
FRANCE.—THE LATE PRINCE ORLOFF, FORMERLY RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR TO PARIS.



AFGHANISTAN.—MAJOR-GEN. SIR PETER LUMSDEN, K.C.B., BRITISH REPRESENTATIVE ON THE BOUNDARY COM'N.



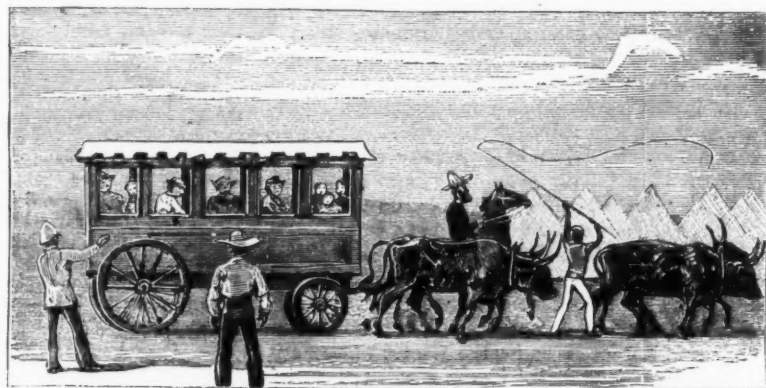
FRANCE.—M. HENRI BRISSON, PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL, AND MINISTER OF JUSTICE.



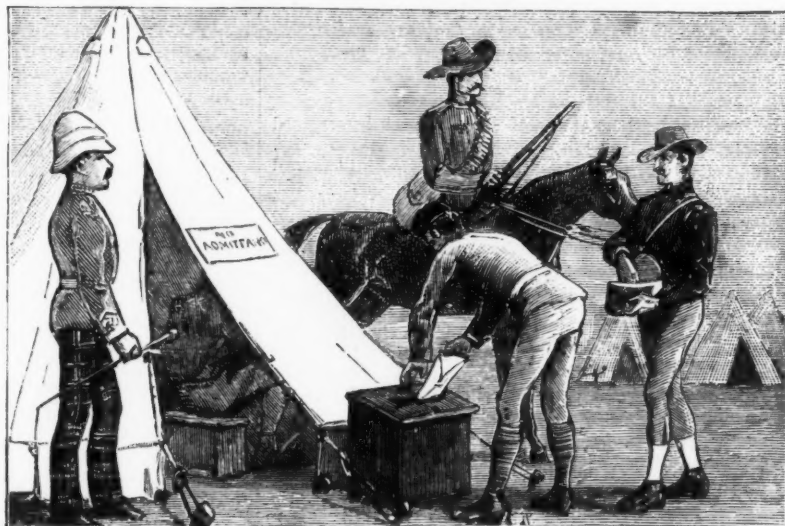
BELOOCHISTAN.—QUETTA, THE MOST ADVANCED BRITISH MILITARY STATION TOWARDS AFGHANISTAN.



TONQUIN.—NATIVE SKIRMISHERS, OF THE FRENCH AUXILIARIES.



BECHUANALAND.—BOER VISITORS.



BECHUANALAND.—THE POST-OFFICE, SIR C. WARREN'S CAMP.





NEW YORK CITY.—DR. THEODORE GAILARD THOMAS.

## DR. THEODORE GAILARD THOMAS.

**F**EW distinguished medical practitioners have brought more zeal to the practice of their arduous profession than has Dr. Theodore Gailard Thomas, of New York city. Being the son of an Episcopal clergyman, he learned at an early age to sympathize with the sufferings of those around him, and the practical turn of his talents speedily engendered the desire to aid in assuaging those sufferings. The choice of his course in life, therefore, came to him at a comparatively early age, and since choosing it he has given himself up most devotedly to the practice of medicine.

Theodore Gailard Thomas, A.M., M.D., is a native of the State of South Carolina, where he was born in the year 1831. He was educated in his native State, and coursed the curriculum of the South Carolina Medical College, from whence he was graduated as Doctor in Medicine in 1852, after attaining a high standing in his Class. The same year Dr. Thomas came to the City of New York, and at once began a practice that ere long became remunerative.

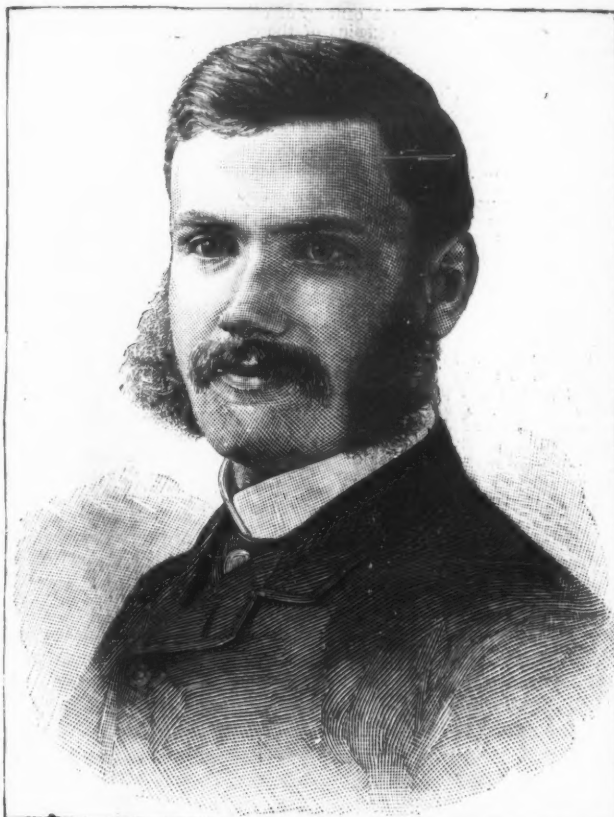
In 1862, the talents of Dr. Thomas were recognized by his election as Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the City of New York. He afterwards became visiting physician to Bellevue Hospital. He was made attending surgeon to the Women's Hospital, and was then called upon to attend at Roosevelt in the exacting capacity of physician to that well-known institution. The responsible position of President of the Medical Board of the Nursing and Child's Hospital of New York was accepted by him at the solicitation of some influential friends who knew how valuable his services would be to the Board; and, a little later on, notwithstanding the unceasing demands of an extensive private practice, we find him acting as consulting physician to St. Mary's Hospital for

Women, in Brooklyn. He was also President of the American Gynecological Society in 1879, a position which demanded both personal attention and much care. He is Vice-president of the New York Academy of Medicine.

But the reputation of Dr. Thomas is not confined to the scenes of his useful labors, nor even to the country of his birth. It is so well known abroad as to command for him an honorary fellowship of the Obstetrical Society of London, the distinction of Corresponding Fellow of the Obstetrical Society of Berlin, and of the Society of Lima, etc., etc.

One would think that the calls upon his time entailed by duties appertaining to all the different societies with which he is associated would have deprived Dr. Thomas of an opportunity to contribute to the literature of medical science. This, however, is not the case, for we find that he has contributed largely to the discussion of current topics in medical journals. His chief literary effort, up to the present time, is an exhaustive treatise on the diseases of women. So favorably has this volume been received by the profession, both at home and abroad, that it has been translated into French, German, Italian and Spanish, and is unreservedly received as a standard authority upon the important and delicate subject with which it deals.

As an operator in gynecological surgery, the subject of this brief sketch has no superior, and few equals, in the world. His percentage of successful operations in the removal of ovarian tumors far exceeds that of any other American operator. He has successfully treated a remarkably large number of cases that were thought hopeless. Besides his American clientage, Dr. Thomas enjoys an extensive practice among the most distinguished Spanish-American families who visit the United States. His patients of Cuban and of Mexican birth have learned to look upon their trusted physician as a sort of superior being, in whose care their health and lives repose. This



NEW YORK CITY.—ALBERT PULITZER, PROPRIETOR OF THE "MORNING JOURNAL."

ILLINOIS.—THE NEW PRODUCE EXCHANGE BUILDING, CHICAGO.  
FROM A PHOTO, BY WILCOX, OF CHICAGO.—SEE PAGE 175.

great popularity of the doctor with the Spanish element in our community, and that in the sister republics, as well as Cuba, is based upon repeated cures of sufferers among that race who could find elsewhere no alleviation for their ailments.

As a lecturer on scientific and professional subjects, Dr. Thomas has become justly popular with the several colleges and other institutions which, from time to time, have sought his services. During the last few years his available time has mostly been taken up in perfecting and executing plans relating to his private hospital for the treatment of women, that is situated on Lexington Avenue, in this city. A trait in the doctor's character, which ought not to be forgotten, is illustrated by the extensiveness of charitable practice. To young physicians, about to enter the struggle of their professional life, Dr. Thomas is also an unfailing friend.

Dr. Thomas, as his portrait indicates, possesses the advantage of a fine personal presence. He is a good linguist, an exceptionally thorough Spanish scholar, and an accomplished gentleman—in a social as well as in a learned sense.

## A SUCCESSFUL JOURNALIST.

**MR. ALBERT PULITZER**, whose portrait appears on this page, has earned, at an unusually early age, distinction in a more than ordinarily difficult field. He is to-day secure in the position of having created and established a great metropolitan newspaper—the *Morning Journal*. It is easy enough to start a newspaper, but to create one that will live and flourish in this crowded world of newspapers is another affair. As a test of this, look at the few daily papers in New York that survive at the end of the first one hundred and ten years of our national existence. What a weakly little thing the *Sun* was when it peeped above the horizon a little over fifty years ago! How it struggled for years to live! The *Herald* will not be fifty years of age till next



month. After a quarter of a century of effort, with all the unquestionable genius of the elder Bennett behind it, the *Herald* in 1860 had not achieved as much as the *Journal* has in two years and a half. Look at it in another way, and think of the local failures in journalistic enterprises. They make a veritable graveyard of talented adventure. Such names as the *Standard*, *Republic*, *Star*, *Echo*, *Truth* and *Dial* already evoke feeble memories, and they are among the most recent of the decedents.

Mr. Pulitzer not only added another paper to New York's successful journals, but one of a new kind. Bright, piquant, humorous and yet giving all the news, it jumped at once into favor and grew with unprecedented rapidity. Where so much is said about circulation as in New York, we shall not enter into comparisons, but the *Journal* noted an issue of 201,500 copies on a special occasion and is rapidly growing to that figure on its regular issue. It has a superb mechanical equipment. In its press-room are four web-perfecting presses that print *Journals* at the rate of \$6,000 an hour. That is a great potentiality and alone argues the solid base on which Mr. Pulitzer has placed the paper.

Mr. Albert Pulitzer, who has done all this in so short a time, served a thorough apprenticeship to journalism before he made his great start for himself. Thirteen years ago the columns of the *Sun* sparkled with the bright stories of real life that he told. Later he transferred his pen and his talents to the *Herald*, where he repeated his success as a keen chronicler of events. Many of the great stories which attracted admiration were from his pen. Mr. Pulitzer is a tall, well-built, handsome man, with clear blue eyes. In manner he is exceptionally refined and polished, and is a brilliant conversationalist, happy alike in point and tact. He has the faculty of holding the affection of those about him, as well as winning that of the public for his paper. During a visit last year to Europe he found the success of the *Journal* had preceded him like a fairy tale. The *Pall Mall Gazette* interviewed him to the extent of a page; the *London Morning Post* and *Daily Telegraph* welcomed him; the *Paris Figaro* lionized him. Socially his success was as great as journalistically, for he was entertained in turn by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Sutherland, the Earl of Roseberry, Lady Holland, Mr. John Pender (the cable king), and many others. Besides being a good classical scholar he speaks, fluently, French, Italian, German and English.

## PARTRIDGE'S DISCOVERY

By ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

"AMOS! Amos Partridge! What is he a-takin' into his great ears that he can't hear me screamin' myself hoarse?" Sabra Ellen was a strong, high-keyed, young voice; it seemed strange that it should not reach to the edge of the pasture, where an awkward, inharmonious bit of the breezy, stirring, morning landscape—Amos's tall, gaunt figure—sat irresolutely astride the stone wall. "What is he a-takin' in? What other folks wouldn't hear, as like as not!" she continued, in a softened tone, while a kind of pride smoothed the irritation from her face. "Land! won't he be proud and pleased to hear that the Judge has sent for him when all the doctors has given him up? It's the greatest day of his life, and there he sits gawpin' at that blackberry thicket! Here, Mary Ann, you run and fetch him!"

Mary Ann, a sturdy specimen of humanity, with the experience of five years of life stowed away in a tow-thatched head of unusual size, and intently looking out for more with a pair of big, solemn, light-blue eyes, immediately set out for the pasture, but being encumbered by a shawl-baby of unwieldy proportions and a yellow kitten, both of which had to be thrown over the several fences she was obliged to climb and picked up on the other side, her progress was necessarily slow, especially as it was difficult to pick up the kitten, who was in the heyday of youth, and with spirits much affected by the breezy morning. Moreover, Gideon, the superannuated house-dog, followed Mary Ann, and he was lame and had to be helped over the fences.

"Land sakes! the Judge'll be dead and buried before that percession gets there!" exclaimed Sabra Ellen. "But there! maybe there's a Providence in it! If the Judge should die with Amos doctorin' him, folks would be apt to say he'd killed him, if the doctors have given him up, and Amos is so sensitive, that would work him up drelfully."

But the yellow kitten, whether a Providential agent or not, was beguiled by the fluttering of the shawl-baby's pink apron-string, and captured without great loss of time; and some suddenly awakened sense of the importance of her errand caused Mary Ann to harden her heart and leave old Gideon howling upon the last fence.

Amos, at her summons, slowly dismounted from the fence. He had evidently been aroused from a profound reverie. He drew a long, deep breath.

"Judge Emmons has sent for me?" he said. As he walked across the fields in the wake of the "percession"—it was generally known that Amos couldn't hurry—his stooping shoulders gradually straightened themselves, as perhaps they had not done since he had heard his father say, on his death-bed, "Darn'le will have to stay on the farm, Amos is such a poor, unfacultized cretur' he'll never amount to anything." Amos had never felt any resentment; perhaps his strongest emotion had been pity for Daniel, who must forsake, give up, his high ambitions to stay on the farm; he had felt no arousing of his spirit to move him to cry out, "They shall see what I can do!" The sense of weakness and incapacity had weighed upon him heavily.

But yet he murmured, as he walked across the field, straightening himself:

"I cal'lated 'twould come. I always cal'lated 'twould come."

Sabra Ellen was on the porch—a handsome young woman of twenty-four, with a wholesome complexion and snapping black eyes. Amos's glance sought hers with a timid appeal for sympathy, but she whisked her broom vigorously, and did not look at him.

"The Judge is down on the doctors; says they've fetched him where he is; he's been talkin' about 'Nature's remedies' for some time, they say, and now he's callin' for you, because you're a natural doctor. I shouldn't wonder if his mind was weakenin'."

Amos's face resumed its ordinary expression of hopeless patience.

"I don't suppose there's so much dependin' on you but what you can stop to slick up a little. I laid your things out on your bed," she continued, in a somewhat softer tone.

After a brief period of retirement Amos emerged, dressed in shining Sunday raiment, of which a necktie with blue spots was the brightest, consummate flower, and took his way to the village.

"He ain't what you could call a handsome man," mused Sabra Ellen, watching him, "but how good clothes does set him off! And he's got the face of an angel!" she added, fervently.

To an ordinary observer, Amos's wild and benignant expression constituted his only resemblance to an angel, he being otherwise endowed with fiery-red hair, a reddish complexion of a different shade, and an abnormally developed nose; it was evident that Sabra Ellen's imagination had glorified these unangelic accessories.

"Sabra Ellen Wing, I'm ashamed of you!" she exclaimed, the next moment, her face rivalling the Autumn-flushed woodbine leaves that shaded the porch. "It ain't as if you hadn't drunk the cup of matrimony to the dregs, neither, to make a fool of yourself about a man, after all you've suffered! I'm glad you be savage to him, though sometimes you do want to bite your tongue out for it, you foolish creature! What is that child screamin' for now?"

"Moth-a! moth-a! ith Amuth goin' to kill Judge Emmonth, and be hung like the 'Theven Robberth' in my book? Mith Fetridge thayth so!"

Mary Ann had rushed in from the gate, where she had been peacefully enjoying the society of her friends—the shawl-baby, the yellow kitten and the superannuated dog.

Sabra Ellen walked firmly down to the garden gate, where a little old woman, bent and withered and trembling with age, was trying, with neighborly freedom, to break the stem of a tall, yellow dahlia.

"No such blows here now as there used to be in Mis' Partridge's time! I couldn't find a mite of anything consol'n' to kerry to meet'n Sunday; even the boy's love has kind of died out, and things that has smell don't smell so pretty as they used to. Seems as if she would most rise right out of her grave when her tiger-lilies was mowed down. And Amos is a doctorin' the Judge! I expect nothin' but what Softy Whiffles will get up into the pulpit and go to preachin' in room of the minister, next. It ain't likely to help Darn'le, much long o' the Judge's daughter, Lizabuth, as I can see; but folks do say now that Darn'le has give up his 'ristocratic views, and is lookin' nigher home for a wife. He's a good, stiddy young man, Darn'le is, and handsome-favored; beats all—what a difference there will be betwixt brothers; but 'tis risky business, and no mistake, for Amos to be doctorin' the Judge! A reg'lar doctor, with his diplomy'n all, can kill folks now and then without much bein' said about it; but a man that takes up doctorin' out of his own head can't expect no such privileges. I ain't slurrin' Amos; he's real good in colds and sore throats, and some thinks he's got a talent for dyspepsy, and I never was one that ever thought he was lackin'—"

"Look here, Mis' Fetridge, you can just pick all the flowers you want. I'll help you if you want a real handsome bokay, but I ain't goin' to talk about this family with anybody!"

"Land sakes! I didn't say anything agin' 'em, and if you've made your mind to have Darn'le—"

Sabra Ellen walked away with a determined swish of her skirts, and disappeared in the porch. "I'd forgot how high-strung she was; she's seemed so mild lately," soliloquized the old lady, dropping her short-stemmed flowers from her trembling old hands. "I suppose she's put out about Darn'le's havin' a brother that ain't no more account than Amos. Well! well! I always said let Levi Wing be what he would, he must marry her when she was a chit of a thing, not more'n sixteen, too! And he left her prop'erty, if he did ill-use her; prop'erty enough to take care of her'n the child, too. So's kind of queer that she should have come to keep house for the Partridges, that ain't nothin' more'n connections, anyhow. I shouldn't wonder a mite if she was after Darn'le from the start. Curly hair and snappin' eyes! Darn'le won't be the first man that's found 'em more'n his money's worth!"

Amos wore a look of modest pride when he returned from the Judge's. He spent the rest of the day in studying some ancient medical works which occupied an upper shelf in his closet, and in brewing, in the back kitchen, a jorum of unsavory odor, being assisted in his work by Mary Ann, who was his great crony.

Daniel appeared at night, returning from the cattle-fair disgusted, for cattle-fairs were not at all to his taste, and he was too prudent, if not too virtuous, to bet on the horse-racing. He had heard at the fair, ten miles away, that Amos had been called to attend Judge Emmons.

"Had some city doctors, and called you in consultation, did they, old fellow?" said Daniel, in good-natured railery. Daniel was generally good-natured, except when the yoke of his uncongenial life fettered him too sorely. "It's easy to see who is going to make the fortune of this family!"

Amos drew Daniel aside after supper.

"I saw Miss 'Lizabuth, and she was as pleasant as could be; she didn't ask after you, but she blushed up when I spoke of you. You don't think I could do you any harm by doctorin' the Judge, whatever might happen, do you, now, Darn'le?" he said, anxiously.

"Oh, pahaw! I've about given that up," said Daniel. "Not but that I could. She's mighty willing—a little too willing; a man don't want a wife that don't need any asking. But the real point is, I might not make much of a start in life that way; she's got nothing but what her father's a mind to give her, and he's a tight-fisted old fellow; his influence is worth something, of course, but hard cash is an influence you can trust every time! And I've set my eye on a snug bit that I can do what I've a mind to with; break away from this cursed farming, and get a chance to show what kind of brains I have got. And the incumbrance on it isn't a languishing old maid, ten years older than I am, but the handsomest, spiciest young woman in the country; will need polishing up a little in the city maybe, but, good gracious, man! are you surprised at that? Don't you like the idea of Sabra Ellen for a sister-in-law? Isn't it natural enough that she and I should fall in love with each other?"

"I don't seem ever to have thought of such a thing. I s'pose I must be kind of dull," said Amos, slowly. "I guess I'd better be goin' down to the Judge's again now."

"Kind of dull! I guess nobody ever had any doubt of that," said Daniel to himself. "How queer he looked! It can't be that he ever thought of her, poor old chap! But yet he's only five years older than I am, and if he wasn't so queer—"

Amos on his way out encountered Mary Ann and her friends. He caught the child up in his arms and kissed her.

"We fellers think a good deal of each other, don't we?" he said.

The expression of sentiment was very unusual in the household.

Mary Ann looked somewhat bewildered, and a little bored.

"Yeth," she said, without enthusiasm, "and of Gideon and Muff and Elitha."

He ranked in her affections with the shawl-baby! Acquainted as he was with the sublime indifference of childhood, Amos felt an added coldness at his desolate heart.

The Judge came back from the gates of death where the doctors had left him. In two months he was upon his feet, apparently well. And in spite of the scoffing of the wise, he persisted in attributing his recovery to Amos Partridge's skill. Being a man of enthusiasms and hobbies, as well as a really grateful man, he spread the fame of his cure far and wide. Amos began to be in demand in circles where nothing but a regular practitioner had ever been employed before. The steam of his brewings continually ascended to heaven from the back kitchen, and Sabra Ellen, inwardly proud but outwardly scornful, declared that "folks knew 'em all before they was in sight by the smell of roots and herbs."

While Amos quietly concocted his healing balms, there suddenly appeared to him Bentley Stillman, a poor relation of the Judge's, whose failure in life was supposed to be due to the malignant persistence with which opportunity had dodged his great ability, bringing a proposal which Amos sat up half the night to discuss with him. And the result was that Amos withdrew his entire hoard of savings from its hiding-place, and invested it in securing a patent upon the medicine which had cured the Judge, and was now having a beneficial effect upon half the invalids in the town.

Bentley Stillman attended to the business of securing the patent; he, too, advertised the medicine, his great ability finding scope in striking and picturesque devices. Dummerfield awoke one morning to find its fences and blank walls adorned with huge pictorial representations of the Goddess of Health, in a ball costume of the latest fashion-plate, holding grim Death at bay with a bottle labelled "Partridge's Discovery." Amos's modesty was startled, but he was proud and pleased.

Sabra Ellen, too, was proud and pleased, but she manifested those emotions only by added brusqueness of manner.

Newspapers all over the country showed advertisements in large letters of "Partridge's Discovery"; some had even the alluring picture. Amos felt a certain admiration for his partner's enterprise, which would have been impossible to him. Tangible evidences of success began to appear. "It cost a great deal to get the thing afloat," as Bentley Stillman complained, but money began to come in.

But murmurings began to be heard in the town. Uncle Peleg Baker, who had taken the "Discovery," declared that his "neuralgy had flew to his stomach." Mrs. Cressy, a robust, middle-aged woman, who was taking the medicine for an apparently trifling ailment, died suddenly. Uncle Peleg and some others were of the opinion that "the 'Discovery' had flew to her vitals." Old Dr. Robinson was heard to say that "with proper medical attendance the woman might have lived." Amos began to wear a troubled brow. He suddenly discontinued the work of building a laboratory in which to manufacture the "Discovery," and took a journey to the city.

He gave no explanation of his errand, and even Sabra Ellen, although she threw out casual hints, did not ask outright, consumed with curiosity and disturbed by Amos's evident trouble as she was. With all his "queerness" Amos possessed a certain dignity which kept people at a distance when he chose that it should; it was quite natural that people should be not less sensible of that dignity now that he was a successful man.

He was away nearly a week, and when he returned, Sabra Ellen, peeping through a crack of the door as the wagon drove up, thought that he had grown in that one week an old man.

He ate his supper almost in silence. Daniel surveyed him curiously, and now and then put forth a leading question, which received a monosyllabic reply.

But at length Amos spoke, suddenly, as he pushed his chair back from the table. He kept his eyes on the cloth, and his voice shook slightly:

"I s'pose I'd better tell you that the 'Discovery' ain't anything to me any more. I shan't make another bottle of it—never!"

"Have you sold out? Good gracious, man! I hope you didn't do it for anything less than a big fortune! It's worth it!" cried Daniel.

"It's worth nothin'—less than nothin'! I went to see the big doctors and the chemists, and I asked 'em about all the things I'd put into it; some of them was simple tonics; they would be apt to do some good. There was two things that they all said didn't agree with each other, but there was nothin' that could really hurt anybody—thank God, I wasn't so fur wrong as that! But Mis' Cressy might have lived if she'd had a reg'lar doctor. Seems as if I never should get over that! I thought I knew about things, takin' to doctorin' kind of natural, somehow, and readin' up all the old doctor-books I could get hold of. It beats all, how much those old doctors hadn't found out, and how much they had found out that wasn't so! Why, one of those big doctors told me that sarsaparilla wasn't a blood-purifier—wasn't any use except as an agreeable vehicle—vehicle, that's what he said—for other medicines! Sarsaparilla! Why, it was most like sayin' somethin' against the Ten Commandments! I heard so many upsettin' ideas that I got all confused. I ain't even sure that hemlock tea is good for a cold! But there's one thing I'm sure of: that I never could bear to have folks pay their money, hard earnin's very often, for medicines of my makin' that wouldn't do 'em much of any good—worse, too, that might keep 'em from takin' what would cure 'em!"

"Good heavens! are you crazy?" cried Daniel, who had started up in strong excitement. "To throw away money—thousands of dollars, for a silly scruple like that! Why, the doctors are killin' their thousands every year, pretending to do what they know they can't! And the fools who take patent medicines will take something worse if they don't take yours—if it isn't poison, you're a benefactor! What would become of half the business in the world if people had your ideas? I tell you, in the struggle for existence that's going on nowadays, you can't be so particular."

"I can't do any different. Every man has his own way of lookin' at things. I couldn't stand it to take folks' money for that, Darn'le—I couldn't, anyhow!"

Sabra Ellen was helping Huldah, her hand-maiden, to remove the dishes; she went out now, quietly, with a suspicious moisture obscuring the snap in her eyes. Not a word of praise or blame had fallen from Sabra Ellen's ever-ready tongue.

"To throw away the greatest piece of good luck that ever a man stumbled upon for a whim! Has it occurred to you that this pretty virtue of yours is the ruin of all my prospects? That your money was to give me a start in life? And I had made up my mind to go away unhampered—she and I don't suit"—with a nod towards the door through which Sabra Ellen had disappeared. "You've been another man to her since you struck your luck. Land! how women do love success and money! She'd like a fine setting for her good looks, and she'd say Yes, and thank you if you offered it to her!"

"There's some things that I don't want to talk about, Darn'le." Amos raised his eyes steadily to his brother's, although his hands trembled as they rested on the back of his chair. "I'm sorry to hinder your prospects; if there was anything I could do—"

Daniel's anger culminated then in a torrent of abuse, in the midst of which Sabra Ellen stepped into the room, the snap quite restored to her black eyes.

"How dare you call him a fool?" she demanded—"you little sixpenny soul, that couldn't be honest no more'n a tree-toad could sing! You, that ain't worthy to come into his presence nor to speak to him—nor to w-wipe the dust off his sh-sh-shoes!"

At this point, Sabra Ellen, being but a woman, with all her lofty airs, "fopped right down," as she was afterwards heard to acknowledge with humiliation, and burst into tears.

Daniel took himself off with scorn and affected mirth, turning back at the door to say, jeeringly: "Don't throw away your new discovery, Amos!"

Upon hearing this, Sabra Ellen, scarlet to the roots of her hair, cast a glance of scorn upon bewildered Amos, and swept out of the room.

The nine days' wonder died out. The people who thought Amos Partridge was a fool soon found something else to talk about, as well as those who thought he was simply an honest man. Daniel deserted the farm, and launched himself on a new career in a distant city unhampered, because, it was whispered, he had been rejected, as too great a laggard in love, by Judge Emmons's elderly daughter.

"Partridge's Discovery," under another name, was going on its conquering way; Amos's partner had learned the secret of its preparation—not a difficult matter—and was reaping golden harvests. "It was doing all the harm it could do, and the only comfort he could have was that he wasn't getting any of the money," Amos was reminded by Daniel.

Amos had "spunked up" on the farm, his neighbors said; he seemed to feel that he had wronged Daniel, and was determined to do the best that could be done with the farm, on account of Daniel's share in it.

Sabra Ellen had grown "softer in her ways." Even Mrs. Fetridge acknowledged it; but she "run of an idee 'twas because she was mournin' for Darn'le."

Winter had slipped away, and Spring had shown its colors as far as daffodils. Sabra Ellen was attending to hers in the sunny bed beside the porch. Amos lingered near. Something—perhaps it was the daffodils—had unsealed Amos's spirit to an astonishing degree.



"Sabra Ellen, I've been wanting to tell you for a long time—"

"It's come at last!" whispered Sabra Ellen's soul, with a long sigh of fruition.

"That if it hadn't been for you never blaming me about the 'Discovery' in all, I don't know as I could have held out. You always seemed to understand, and never said a hard word. It wasn't easy—puttin' out all the hopes that had come to me, just like snuffin' a candle."

Sabra Ellen said nothing; her pert lip trembled. She did not look up from the flower-bed. What next? her whole being was absorbed in questioning.

What next? Why, the man was walking away! The old Adam in Sabra Ellen revived. She said something, half aloud, with a vicious accent.

Amos was regarding her from the convenient shelter of the little bush.

"Mary Ann!" he said, calling the child who had been nearer to Sabra Ellen. "Did you hear what your mother said?"

He blushed, with a terrible sense of guilt, as he asked.

"Yeth," said Mary Ann, with an effort of memory. "She thaid sthe dethpithed a man—a man that wath afraid to thepeak—to thepeak a pieth. I ain't! Did you ever hear me in Thunday-theool? 'The tulip and the butterfly appear in gayer dreth than I'—he'th gone off; he wouldn't thtlay to hear it! I gueth I'll go and bury Elitha!"—a recreation which Mary Ann always found consoling when the world seemed cold. With Eliza only half interred, Mary Ann's memory suddenly served her another turn. She ran after Amos, who was half-way across the meadow. "That wathn't the end of what she thaid! It wath a man that wath afraid to thepeak a pieth of hith mind!" she said.

Amos's face became slowly suffused with an irradiating, though shamefaced, color.

He seized Mary Ann, gave her a triumphant toss in his arms, set her down, and, with erect gait and a resolute face, walked back to the daffodil bed.

"I gueth I'll go and dig Elitha up, and play comp'ny!" said Mary Ann, cheerfully.

#### BAPTISMAL RITES OF THE "CHURCH OF GOD."

THE religious denomination of Winebrennerians, or the Church of God, was established by John Winebrenner, an American clergyman, who was born in Maryland in 1797, and died in Harrisburg, Pa., in 1860. His followers hold that there are three positive ordinances of perpetual standing, namely: baptism by immersion, the washing of feet (see John xiii.), and the Lord's Supper.

The public immersion of nineteen converts to the Church of God, at Saxton, Bedford Co., Pa., on Sunday, the 12th instant, forms the subject of our picture. The rites were performed in a branch of the Juniata River. The sky was overcast and a driving snow swept along in the raw, blustering wind. Five hundred spectators on the east shore shivered and uneasily moved about to combat the piercing cold. The Rev. J. F. Nicodemus, in his baptismal sermon, said: "Some think we had better put the baptismal off on account of the weather and the wetness. We put it off once. There are some waiting and anxious to be baptized. One candidate has been quite ill. Now, suppose that one should have died without being baptized. At whose skirts would his blood be required? I think, therefore, we should go forth in the discharge of our duties. We meet in this place at two o'clock. Now, my friends, let no trivial affair deter you from participating in this ordinance today. If any one of you should die without performing his duty, I know of no passage of Scripture which would warrant me in saying you would be saved without it." Accordingly, the congregation repaired to the river to witness the immersions. After the usual rites nineteen persons were baptized, six of whom were males and thirteen females. The time occupied in baptizing these persons was forty minutes. As the converts were led out of the water singly, they were closely wrapped in shawls by their friends, and stood on the shore until the ceremonies were completed.

#### THE NEW PRODUCE EXCHANGE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

ON another page will be found a picture of the handsome and stately building which is to be the new home of the Chicago Produce Exchange. It will be formally opened on Monday, the 4th of May. Great preparations have been made in the business circles of the Western metropolis for the ceremonial features of this event.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### MAJOR-GENERAL SIR PETER LUMSDEN, K.C.B.

Sir Peter Lumsden is an officer of the old East India Company's service who has worked his way to the highest rank by steady ability and attention to the details of office. He had the good fortune in early years of being associated with Sir Sydney Cotton, then commanding the British troops on the northwest frontier of British India. During this time the Afghan tribes upon the other side of the frontier gave a vast amount of trouble, and several expeditions were organized to put these turbulent people down. These expeditions were a series of little wars, about which little was reported in England, but which in India gave the authorities much trouble and anxiety. For about five years after his joining the service, young Lumsden was actively engaged, under Sir Sydney Cotton, in the operations against these frontier tribes. The excellent service which he then rendered brought his name prominently forward, and he was mentioned in dispatches, and promoted to brevet rank before, in the course of seniority, he obtained the same rank regimentally. With the exception of the campaign in China, when Captain Lumsden took part in the attack on the Taku forts and the capture of Peking, his war services have been confined to India. Few officers have had more experience of Indian warfare than he has. At the present moment he is acting as the British Commissioner in Afghanistan—a position

which he held several years ago under circumstances somewhat similar to those of this moment. The quiet but able manner of Captain Lumsden had its good effect then, and his presence at this moment on the Afghan frontier is a fortunate one. He has had a very successful career as a staff officer in India, having held the high appointments of quartermaster and adjutant-general under Lord Napier of Magdala and Sir P. Haines; but in the diplomatic mission in which he is now engaged he has the opportunity of earning for himself fresh distinction in a field of diplomacy in which his old experience of 1857 will stand him in good stead.

##### THE LATE PRINCE ORLOFF.

Prince Orloff, who died at Fontainebleau on the 29th of March, aged fifty-eight years, was Russian Ambassador to Paris from 1871 to 1884, when he was sent to Berlin. He was a man of exquisite refinement and amiability. His character was expressed in his physiognomy, to which a black patch over the eye gave a military air. At the siege of Sebastopol he lost an eye. The remaining one had a sweet and half-sad expression. The Prince had the aquiline profile of his family, but tempered with almost feminine grace. He was a man of exquisite sensibility and deep piety, of a Russian sort, with a dash of French philosophy. He wrote pamphlets against corporal punishment in navies, camps, schools or prisons, was in charity to all men, and animals, too. In tenderness to the latter he was almost a Buddhist. Prince Orloff was a student for the greater part of his life of the religions of mankind, and found more good than evil in the most of them. After his wife's death he took upon himself the religious education of his two sons, and heard them say their prayers morning and evening. They were brought up in the Orthodox Greek faith. One of them is in a school of military cadets in Russia, and the other is an honorary page in the household of the Czar. The Prince died of Bright's disease. He lived as much as he could in seclusion at his place at Fontainebleau, which came to him by his wife, a Troubetskoy. It was named Bellefontaine. Prince and Princess Troubetskoy, Prince Orloff's mother, wife, and the Prince himself, now sleep together in the little churchyard of Sannois.

##### M. HENRI BRISSON, PREMIER OF FRANCE.

Henri Brisson, President of the Council and Minister of Justice in the French Cabinet, was born in Bourges, France, in the year 1835. His father was a lawyer of superior attainments and standing, a republican in his political views. Henri received his academic training in his native place. After graduation he was sent to Paris, where he studied law. There, in association with two spirits kindred in their political convictions, he assisted in the conduct of a journal inculcating republican views. In journalism, study and the practice of forensic eloquence, he spent the earlier years of his manhood. He was called to the Bar in 1859, but was compelled by a disease of the larynx to abandon the courts for seven years. Offered an engagement on the staff of the *Temps*, he accepted it, but finding that journal too moderate in tone for his preference, he soon resigned and became a contributor to *L'Avenir National*, the journal founded by M. Peyrat in 1864. In 1868 he became associated with M. Gambetta and others in the editorial department of the *Revue Politique et Littéraire*, a journal of which he was founder and part owner, and which was soon suppressed by the Imperial Government. During the siege of Paris he was named sub-Mayor of that city. In February, 1871, he was returned to the National Assembly by the Department of the Seine. He was a member of the Extreme Left while the Assembly met at Bordeaux and Versailles. Since the return of the French Chambers to Paris he has been a member of the Union Republicaine. He speaks with dignity and ability, and is always heard with great attention. M. Gambetta having resigned the Chairmanship of the Budget Committee, M. Brisson assumed the position; and, after the death of that powerful statesman, succeeded him as President of the Chamber of Deputies.

##### QUETTA, ON THE INDO-AFGHAN FRONTIER.

The town of Quetta, or Shal, stands in a valley some twenty miles long by five broad, almost entirely surrounded by lofty mountains. On the west rise the Chihaltan and Meshalak ranges; on the north the Takatu hills; on the east and southeast are imposing mountain masses. The valley is open on the south and on the northwest between the northern limit of the Chihaltan Mountains; at the southern spurs of Takatu there is a gap four miles wide. The road through the Bolan Pass, leaving Quetta on the south, traverses the mountains on the southeast by the Pass, and debouches on Sibi by Pir Choki and Dadur. Thus Sibi may be said to be the starting-point of the two great roads connecting Quetta with India. The town is surrounded by a mud wall, with two gates, the southern and the eastern. A fort has been constructed on an artificial mound, from which an extensive view of the neighboring valleys is obtained. Strategically, this place is of the greatest importance, being situated at a vital point on the southernmost route between India and Afghanistan. It was Quetta which formed the base of operations of the Southern column during the Afghan campaign of 1878-80, and it was from Quetta that the British troops advanced to Candahar. Some years ago it was computed that the town contained about four thousand inhabitants, most of whom were Afghans, but the population has since greatly increased. Quetta is one hundred and forty miles from Candahar, and nearly four hundred miles from Herat.

##### NATIVE AUXILIARIES OF THE FRENCH ARMY IN TONQUIN.

Our illustration is a faithful picture of a group of the Annamite and Tonquinese sharpshooters or skirmishers, who are such valuable auxiliaries to the French in the extreme Orient. The Annamites, several companies of whom were sent to Tonquin at the beginning of the war, wear a neat jacket of dark-blue flannel, with loose trousers of the same material. The feet are bare. The Tonquinese are similarly dressed, but in a lighter shade of blue. These natives carry the best European weapons, and are expert in their use.

##### IN BECHUANALAND.

The English attribute most of their recent petty troubles in South Africa to the freebooting and land-grabbing tendencies of a large portion of the descendants of the old Dutch population. These marauding tendencies have become far more marked since the Transvaal War, when the virtual surrender of Mr. Gladstone's Government induced them to think that England had delivered the natives and their possessions into their hands. The wrath of the British Government was aroused when Mr. Bethell, the British Agent, with the Bar-

long chief, Montsion, was killed by the Boers in an attack last Autumn. Then it was that Sir Charles Warren was sent out with the present expedition to enforce British authority and bring the culprits to justice. We give two sketches of life in and about the British camp. One shows the field post-office; the other, a Boer family coming, in grand style, in the covered carry-all drawn by long-horned oxen, to visit the Europeans.

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY claims the best-arranged collection of shells in the world. It has cost \$16,000.

EXPLOSIVE gelatine, a substance used for blasting purposes, is liable to spontaneous decomposition under certain conditions.

A LONDON firm of pencil-makers manufactures its shavings and sawdust into an article which they call the "Dust of Lebanon." It is sprinkled upon the fire to remove the unpleasant smell of cooking noticeable in a room after a meal.

GALVANIZED-IRON water tanks must not be employed on board of French men-of-war. Dr. Venable, in a paper read before the American Chemical Society, has shown that water passed through 200 yards of galvanized-iron pipe took up 4.29 grains of zinc carbonate per gallon.

EUROPEAN horologists have begun to place on watches, etc., the hour hands of which makes two circuits in twenty-four hours, dials with figures so arranged from 1 to 24 that those for the day-hours are shown on an inside circle, and those for the night-hours on an outside circle, after the manner first popularly introduced in this country.

ONE of the latest specimens of the work of the Messrs. Henry, at the Paris Observatory, is a fine photograph of the cluster in Perseus, showing stars down to the thirteenth magnitude. The negative was obtained in 50 minutes with a 6.3-inch object-glass of 83-inch focal length; it has been enlarged four times, and reproduced by helio-engraving.

LUMINOUS paint, so called, continues to be imported in large quantities by regions where earthquakes are prevalent. In the Philippine Islands small metallic plates coated with the paint are so disposed about the houses as to afford ready guidance at the first intimation of an earthquake for the inmates to reach the street-doors and make their escape from the buildings in danger of becoming ruins suddenly.

AFTER an elaborate survey of all the available evidence regarding the antiquity of human races, Professor J. Kollman, of Bale, thus states his conclusions: 1. The varieties of the human species in America exhibit in the diluvial period, the same facial and cranial peculiarities as at the present day. They already bear the characteristics of Indians. 2. Consequently man is not a long-established guest in America, but he has possessed since the diluvial period the same racial characteristics. 3. These characteristics must date from an earlier epoch. 4. They have not been altered by external environment. 5. Zoologically there is little probability of a future modification of racial type.

ACCORDING to the Paris *Gaulois*, an apparatus has just been invented which is simply astounding, for with it the traveler need no longer fear any accidents. Safety will be assured on railroads. This apparatus permits the employee charged with the duty to see in a mirror the entire section of the road he is to control, with all the trains in motion, and he knows at every instant just exactly where each train is. When one of them approaches another at a distance which is dangerous, he can immediately signal the menaced train. The apparatus consists of a sheet of opaque glass, on which the rails are indicated by horizontal lines and the stations by vertical ones, numbered. Little arrows, representing the trains, move along the horizontal lines. They are put in motion by aid of electricity, developed by the contact of metallic brushes attached to the locomotives with zinc bands placed along the rails. The train thus continually traces its trajectory on the glass indicator. The apparatus was exhibited some days ago in Germany to a commission of Berlin scientists.

NOW that the number of tall buildings—some of which rise to a height approaching 200 feet—is rapidly increasing in New York and other cities, the following favorable opinion of an expert, published in the *American Architect*, will be of interest: "Several of the best physicians in the city join in commending the substitution of elevators for stairs, which forms one of their principal characteristics, and it is easily proved that, however such buildings may shade the streets below them, those who live in them enjoy a greater amount of air and sunshine than the dwellers in the average city house. To say nothing of the advantage of being raised above the surrounding buildings, the planning of the best apartment-houses always secures outside light and air for the bath-rooms and hallways, which in most city houses are dark and unventilated; while the interior space, between the front and rear chambers, which in houses is usually given up to a mass of unventilated closets, cupboards, bath-rooms, wash-basins and slop-sinks, and soon becomes the permanent abode of the insects and the effluvia which are supposed to be indispensable to a city dwelling, is practically unknown in the first-class apartment-house, where economy of room, as well as better principles of planning, demand a distribution of these adjuncts to domestic life which greatly facilitates their maintenance in wholesome condition."

#### DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

APRIL 19TH.—In Montclair, N. J., Dr. Benjamin F. Joslin, a well-known homoeopathic physician; in Stockbridge, Mass., John Z. Goodrich, ex-Collector of the Port of Boston, aged 81 years; in New York, "Dan" Mace, the well-known trainer and driver of trotting-horses. APRIL 20TH.—In New York, John N. Whiting, a prominent lawyer, aged 62 years. APRIL 22ND.—In New York, Kingman F. Page, lawyer and capitalist, aged 63 years; in Newbury, Mass., the Rev. Dr. Leonard Withington, the oldest Congregational clergyman in the United States, and a well-known writer, aged 96 years. APRIL 23RD.—In New York, James A. Wotton, one of the best-known of Atlantic sea-captains, aged 76 years; in New York, General John J. Perry, formerly of Mississippi, but for many years a prominent lawyer in this city, aged 53 years; in Albany, N. Y., the Rev. Giles P. Hawley, Professor of Metaphysics and English Literature at Union College, aged 37 years.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. FREDERICK J. FAROUS (Hugh Conway) is ill with typhoid fever.

MR. HUBBARD, Minister to Japan, expects to sail from San Francisco about May 9th.

THE dwarfs, Lucia Zarate and General Mite, will be married in Philadelphia in three weeks.

CONSTANTINE ROSSETTI, the Roumanian poet and statesman, is dead, in his seventy-first year.

THE house of Millet, at Barbizon, is to be sold, and his widow will be left homeless and destitute unless aided by public subscription, which has been proposed.

MR. SWINBURNE says that his sole and sufficient authority for his treatment of the story of "Marino Faliero" is the version supplied to Lord Byron by Mr. Cohen.

ON the authority of an English paper, it is stated that Mr. Parnell will shortly marry a young and wealthy American lady, an intimate friend of the Irish leader's mother.

IT is announced that the marriage of Miss Edwin Booth and Mr. Ignatius R. Grossman, of New York city, will take place next month, privately, at the home of the bride's father in Boston.

EUGENE KELLY, Jr., son of the well-known banker of New York, was married last week to Senorita Sara Milmo, the famous Mexican beauty, daughter of Don Patricio Milmo, the millionaire Irish-Mexican.

THE profits from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" are not all gone yet, but still remain the most important feature of its author's income. Mrs. Stowe, in spite of her great success, is still obliged to write for her support.

CHARLES DICKENS'S son, who commanded Fort Pitt, and who is supposed to have been killed by the Indians, was born in 1844, and was named Francis Jeffrey, after Francis Lord Jeffrey, for many years editor of the *Edinburgh Review*.

MISS CONSTANCE EDGAR, stepdaughter of Jerome N. Bonaparte, and a great-granddaughter of Daniel Webster, was invested with the habit and veil of the Order of the Visitation, in Baltimore, on the 24th instant, and assumed the religious name of Sister Mary De Sales.

MRS. CUSTER has now been eight years a widow, and during the most part of these years she has supported herself by acting as Secretary to the Society of Decorative Art. Her pension then from the Government was only \$50 a month; but a short time ago it was doubled.

ANDREW CARNEGIE, of Pittsburgh, has been invited by a committee of Liberals to stand as Liberal candidate in the coming Parliamentary election for the northeast division of Edinburgh, and contest the district against the Right Hon. George J. Goschen, the present Liberal member for Ripon.

ANTONIO BARRIOS, the second son of the late President of Guatemala, has gone to San Francisco to meet his mother and her seven children. The family will settle in New York city, and occupy a house on Fifth Avenue, which was purchased two or three years ago by the late President.

BY the death of Dan Mace, trainer and driver of trotting horses, the American turf has lost its most prominent and familiar figure. For more than forty years his name has been that of a master in the art of bringing out the strong points of celebrated trotting horses in this country.

QUEEN VICTORIA fulfils the Biblical description of taking up her bed and walking when she changes her residence. It appears the Queen always sleeps in a wooden bed of a particular shape, and made up in a special way, and whenever she goes to a strange place a bed and its furniture are despatched from Windsor for her use. One has gone with her to Aix-les-Bains.

THE recent trial of Blind Tom for idiocy, at Columbus, Ga., was a friendly proceeding, which accomplished its purpose in placing him under the legal guardianship of General Bethune, who was his owner in the days of slavery. Efforts were being made to get hold of the man for exhibition purposes. Tom is no more of an idiot than he has been, and his musical powers are as curious as ever.

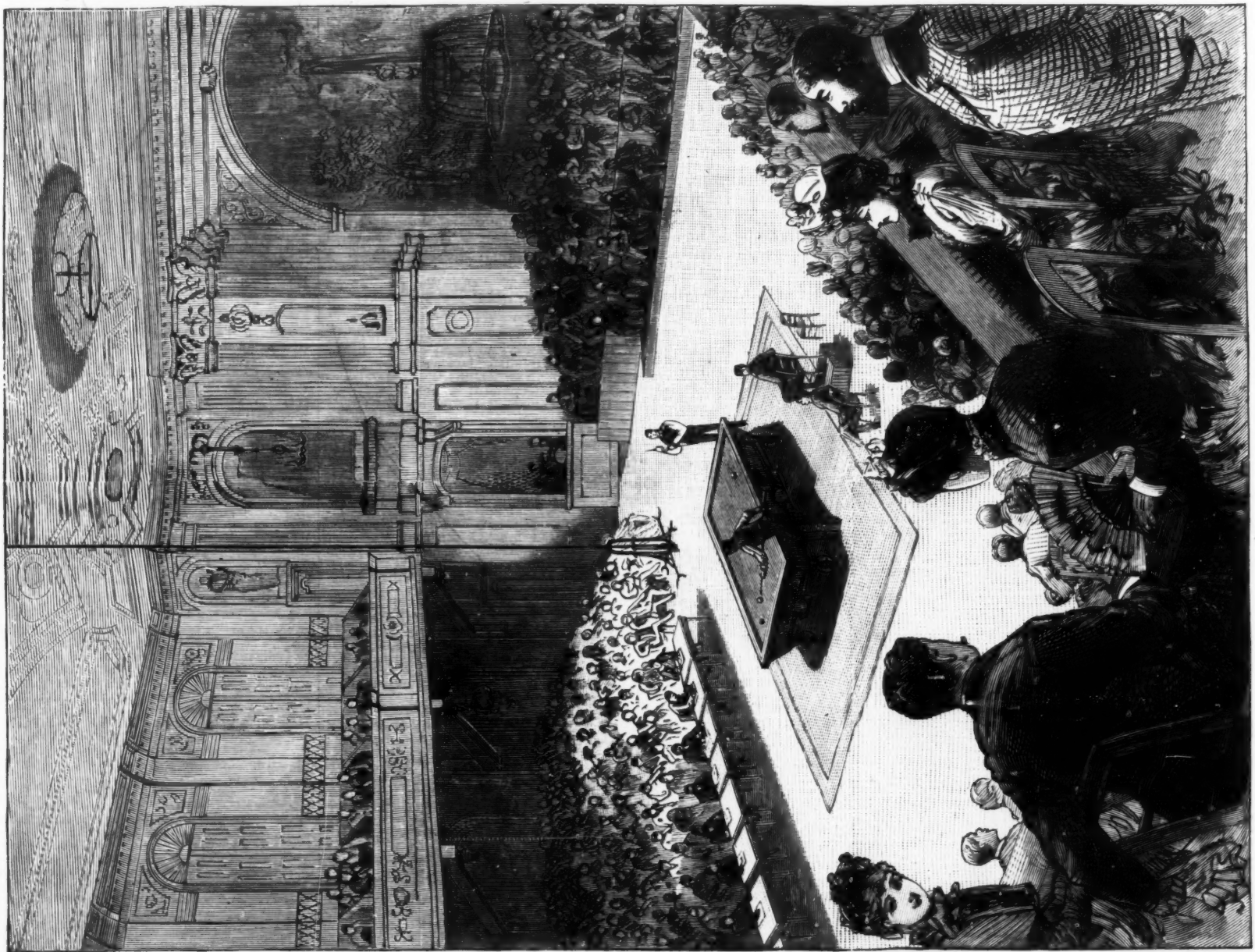
THE mind-cure is popular in Boston. Miss Louisa M. Alcott tried it lately for headache and writer's cramp. "But," she says, "when thirty treatments left the arm no better and the head much worse, I dared lose no more time, and returned to the homoeopathy and massage from which I had been lured by the hope of finding a short and easy way to undo in a month the overwork of twenty years."

CHARLES MARVIN, the author of "The Russians at the Gates of Herat," is a young man, who, like many young men in these busy days, has done a fair lifetime's work at thirty. He is at the present moment a leading authority on the political as well as the geographical questions that are agitating Russia and Anglo-India. Marvin's early life was spent in Russia, and he has in his later years made the subject of her work, her politics, her pioneering, her ambition, his careful and constant study. The English Commission carried his books and maps to Afghanistan; the Russian Government pays them an equal attention.

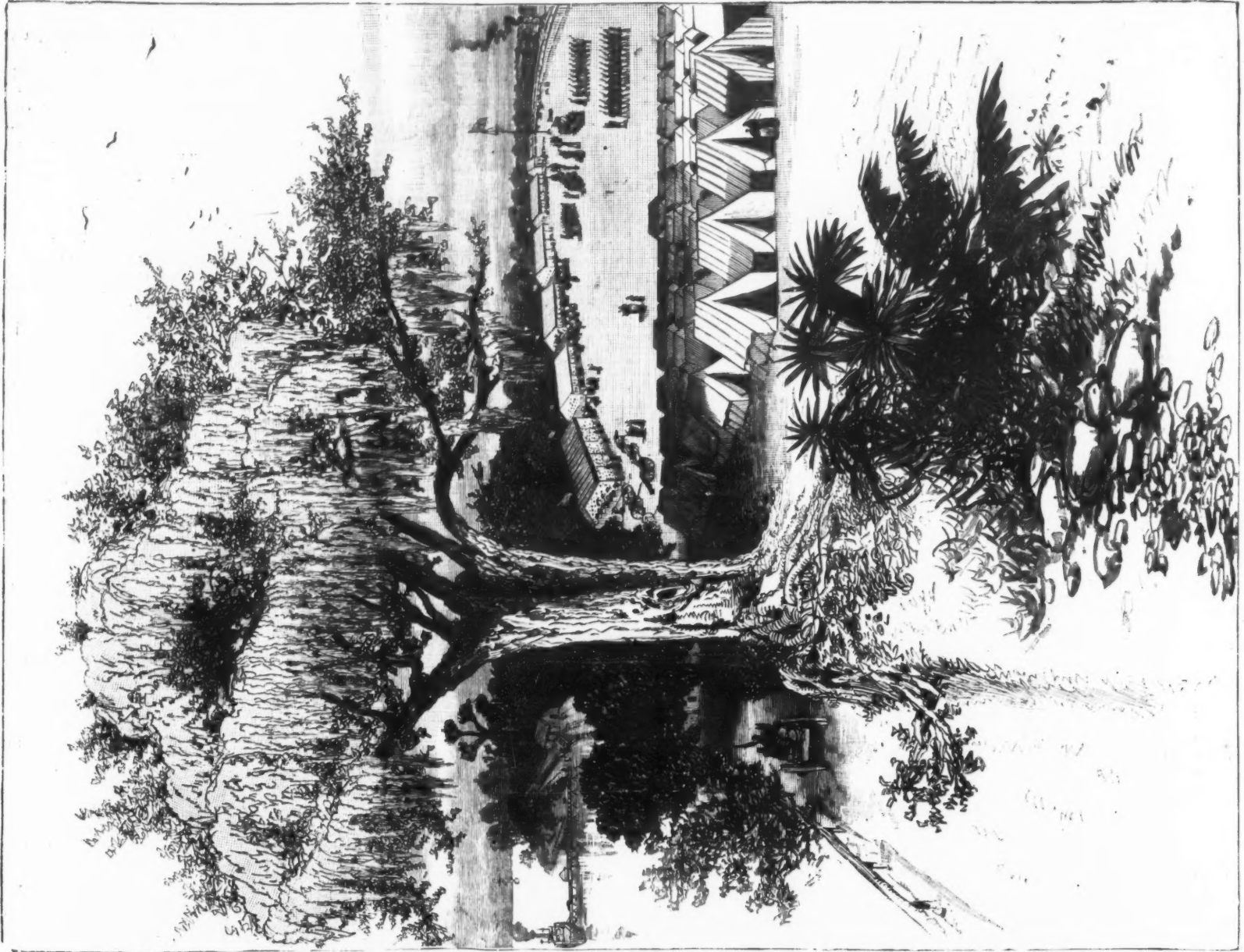
A WASHINGTON letter says: "Mrs. Manning is so far the queen bee in the new Cabinet. She is a bride, although not a very young woman, and brought to Mr. Manning some wealth and a social position. She is tall, with a slender, graceful figure, has good features, light-brown hair and great animation and grace of manner. Mrs. Endicott, wife of the new War Secretary, is a typical Massachusetts woman, tall and sparsely built. Her features are clear-cut and decided, and with her dark eyes she has a crown of gray hair, that was wound high and laid in smooth coils on the top of her head."

MR. SMALLEY describes M. Lessar, the astute Russian Envoy, who at the present time is the cynosure of all eyes in London, as an agreeable and good-looking young Russian, probably not over thirty years of age, and by birth or descent a French Jew. He will talk to you with the utmost fluency, not to say volubility, on the Central Asian question. He has absolutely nothing of that affectation of reserve which the professional diplomatist so often displays. Englishmen are naturally interested to know how long M. Lessar's visit is likely to last. If you ask him he will tell you that he may be here a few weeks only, and then add carelessly that he might possibly be detained some months.





NEW YORK CITY.—SCENE AT THE BILLIARD TOURNAMENT IN IRVING HALL.  
SEE PAGE 179.



ALABAMA.—THE INTER-STATE DRILL AT MOBILE — VIEW OF THE CAMP.  
SEE PAGE 179.





NEW YORK CITY.—GENERAL GRANT'S IMPROVED CONDITION—THE POPULAR HERO, ON LEAVING HIS HOUSE FOR A DRIVE IN THE PARK, RECEIVES THE SALUTATIONS OF THE CROWD.—SEE PAGE 179.



## WE TWO.

WE were both of us—ay! we were both of us there—  
In the self-same house, at the play together;  
For her it was Summer, with bees in the air;  
To me it was Winter weather.

We never had met, and yet we two  
Had played, in desperate woman-fashion,  
A game of life, with a prize in view,  
And, ah! I played with passion.

'Twas a game that meant heaven, and sweet  
home-life,

For the one who went forth with a crown  
upon her;  
For the one who lost—it meant lone strife,  
Sorrow, despair, and dishonor.

Well, she won! Yet it was not she—  
I am told that she is a praying woman—  
No earthly power could outwit me,  
But hers was superhuman.

She has the prize, and I have—well—  
Memories sweeter than joys of heaven;  
Memories fierce as the fires of hell—  
These, unto me are given.

And we sat in the self-same house last night,  
And he was there! It is no error  
When I say (and it gave me a keen delight)  
That his eye met mine with terror.

When the love we have won, at any cost,  
Has grown familiar as some old story,  
Naught seems so dear as the love we lost,  
All bright with the Past's weird glory.

And tho' he is fond of that woman—I know  
I saw in his eyes the brief Confession,  
That the love seemed sweeter which he let go  
Than that in his possession.

So I am content. It would be the same  
Were I the winner, love-crowned and petted,  
And she the woman who lost the game,  
Then she were the one regretted.

And, loving him so, I would rather be  
The one he let go, and then vaguely desired,  
Than, winning him, once in his eyes to see  
The look of a love grown tired.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

## THE SILENT WITNESS.

CHAPTER XXI.—MRS. MELMONT HAS A GRIEVANCE.

"IT is perfectly hideous! What shall I do! How could we have been so devoid of taste! Do speak, Julia, and tell me how we are to rectify our own stupid error!"

Mrs. Melmont's pretty face was all in a pucker of disgust and distress and perplexity as she surveyed with extreme dissatisfaction a handsome, highly-colored cabinet portrait of her own lovely self, just sent home by the photographer.

"A purple velvet frame is certainly not the most artistic surrounding for a Nile-green robe," Mrs. Mandeville said, eyeing the picture critically. "And yet, apart, each was lovely," says the victim of incongruity.

"Incongruous combinations mar more things than painted pictures, my pretty sister. I have seen most excellent, good people in my day, who, if they had lent more study to the fitness of things, would have been ornaments in their own circle to the end of the chapter, but who, by incongruous combinations, spoiled two admirable individualities to make one hideous whole. As you see, the purple velvet case, selected by us on account of its own exquisite hue and superb finish, was a gem in its unity, and so, too, your pale Nile-green silk is perfection in its way; yet bring the two into close juxtaposition and bitter disappointment results. Moral: When about to select your husband, bear in mind the danger of violent contrasts."

"All of which is admirable good council touching the matter of matrimony," says Mistress Lulie, with a pout; "but at present, Julia, it is a picture which is under discussion, and you've gone but a short way towards helping me out of my trouble."

"Change the case."

"Oh, no, Julia; it is perfectly lovely, and would really serve to attract attention to the picture when hung."

"Then change the dress."

"Could I? I wonder if I could? Do you really think the artist could repaint the dress, Julia?"

"What the photographer thinks would be more to the point than what I think."

"Let us go to him at once," said the little widow, with a spoiled child's impatience.

"You forget our engagement with Mr. Gorham, Lulie."

"For the art gallery?"

"Yes."

"We were to call for him at twelve o'clock, were we not?"

"Yes."

"Oh! then there is abundance of time. We can go to the photographer's first and call for Mr. Gorham all in due season."

Mrs. Mandeville seeing no objection to this plan, it is acted upon immediately, and Mrs. Melmont is soon laying her complaint before the photographer.

"If madame would wait a week or ten days the error could be rectified, but their colorist had his hands more than full for days to come."

But madame informed him very imperiously that she could not wait.

The photographer was in despair—madame was in a fury.

Then a voice came to the relief of all parties from a curtained recess, where the colorist under consideration sat hard at work:

"Give the lady the address of the colorist who called here for work, and asked us to remember her when we might need extra labor. We know nothing of her, save by her fancy sketches, which

are good recommendations of her taste. She colors for Jacobs."

"True—very true—the very thing for madame;" and, opening a drawer in his desk, the photographer extended to Mrs. Melmont a card written in pencil: "Mrs. Catherine Kendall, Shropshire's Stand, — Street," adding the assurance, that that was the very best thing he could do for madame, if madame declined being patient.

Handing the card in turn to her driver, Mrs. Melmont issues her command to be driven first to Mr. Gorham's office and then to the address upon the card.

"You know, Julia, it is well to have a gentleman with one when one finds it necessary to visit these queer up-town nooks. Shropshire's Stand has a queer sound, now, has it not?"

Mrs. Mandeville acquiesced in the wise necessity of male protection under the circumstances, and was glad that Mr. Gorham was booked for their service that day.

"You know," says imperious Mistress Lulie, after they have taken the lawyer up and are once more rolling over the cobble-stones, "we are going to take you to art galleries to-day, and the first one in our list is an up-town colorist's, of whom I am about to demand a miracle of skill. I want a picture unpainted."

Mr. Gorham did not feel a shadow of interest in the up-town colorist, who was expected to perform this miracle, and scarcely more in the purple-framed beauty that Mrs. Melmont unwrapped for his inspection as they bowed along.

"Now, do give us your advice in advance of the artist. You know, as a general thing, these people are so disagreeably dictatorial, and treat one to such airs of superiority, that I am always quite under cord in their presence."

"Call upon me," Mr. Gorham says, smiling indulgently, "if you find him about to deprive you of liberty of opinion, and I herewith undertake to snub him for you in my best style."

"But it's a her; and they are so much more disagreeable," says the little widow, grammatically.

"All the same, we three magnates ought to prove equal to the task of defying one unchampioned artist," the lawyer answers, lightly. "But—surely your driver has made a mistake!" A sickening sensation of mortification overwhelms him, as the coachman suddenly halts his prancing bays in front of Shropshire's Stand, and Betty's brother promptly appears at the carriage-door in obsequious attendance upon royalty that rides in chaises.

"This is Shropshire's Stand, is it not?" Mrs. Mandeville inquires of Rob, in that loudly dictatorial tone in which superiority proclaims its conviction of universal deafness on the part of inferiority.

"Yes, mum, it be, mum, if you please, mum."

"And Mrs. Catherine Kendall lives here?"

"She do, indeed, mum," Rob ecstatically declared, as if fearful that lack of zeal on his part might cause some damage to his beloved mistress.

"And she colors photographs, does she not?"

"She do beat the world at it, mum."

"Is she at home?"

"She is, indeed, mum."

"Then we are all right, you see, Mr. Gorham, and we will go in if you'll be so good as to accompany us with the picture. The place looks respectable, does it not?"

Rob recoiled before the advancing host and sprang promptly to his post behind the counter. Such a glory of silk and jewels had never flashed its radiance into the humble little shop before, and Rob's only regret was, that, lacking the gift of ubiquity, he could not assist those radiant mortals to alight, and yet be found at his post ready to hurl the whole contents of the shop at their royal feet.

For Catherine's sake the lawyer lingered behind. Might she not misconstrue his presence there? Fool to have been driven blindfold into such a snare! But how was he, who savagely resisted any attempt on Catherine's part to talk to him of her business affairs, to know that she had adopted this branch of industry? Then, aloud:

"Would the ladies mind his remaining in the carriage to smoke a cigar during their interview?"

"They certainly would mind it. He was there as their protector and champion," Mrs. Mandeville answered.

He only had time to reply, very coldly, "You will need neither here; I know this lady," when they were in the shop, and Mrs. Mandeville was saying to Rob:

"I wish to see the—a—person who colors photographs."

"Yes, mum," says Rob, briskly, nodding his head towards the little curtained alcove in the rear of the shop, where Catherine bent with burning cheeks over her paints and brushes.

At the sound of wheels she had raised her head and seen Hugh Gorham alight and assist his two fashionable friends from the carriage. That he should be coming there in company with "her" struck Catherine as a refinement of cruelty. Her last hope of escape lay in the probability that they were purchasers whom Rob could serve without calling upon her, as she still often had to do in cases of financial perplexity or obstinate cavilling.

She heard the airy demand for her presence, but was in no haste to answer the summons. It meant, then, she was thinking, that he had purposely come here with these fashionable friends to show her plainly how widely sundered they were by social barriers.

"Call her, if you please," said Mrs. Melmont, surveying the curtained alcove and its inmate through her raised eye-glass, adding, in an aside, to Mr. Gorham: "Quite a nice-looking woman. And do observe what a knack these poor artists have of beautifying their squalid homes! Now, that alcove, with its crisp muslin curtains looped back with rose-colored tulle, and the hanging-basket of flowers in the centre, is not bad, if it is but an humble effort. But, after all, I expect our

colorist has arranged it more for a setting for her own fine figure than for anything else. I remember, now, I have seen her. She has risen in the world since I bought the 'House that Jack Built' from her for my Toddlers. Then she waited behind the counter herself," all of which Mrs. Melmont rattled off in a rapid undertone, while Rob had gone to let Mrs. Kendall know she was wanted.

"On the contrary, she has fallen in the world, as you use the word," he answered, half contemptuously. "I knew this lady's husband well; he was an old schoolmate of mine and a flourishing druggist;" but he would not stoop to vindicate Kate's position in the eyes of this butterfly. Then, raising his voice, he called after Rob, in his most masterful way: "Tell Mrs. Kendall, if she prefers it, we will wait on her in the alcove. Pardon me," he said, with his most winning smile, glancing from one surprised sister to the other, "I was not aware until your driver drew rein that you were so fortunate as to have obtained this lady's services. You will scarcely need my advice or championship. If she carries into this business the good taste she displays in other matters, you will do well to leave the matter entirely in her hands."

There was no time for other comment than the supercilious arching of aristocratic brows, before Rob returned with a courteous message to the effect that, if the lady's business concerned coloring, Mrs. Kendall would request her presence in the alcove.

"Quite the air of royalty," Mrs. Mandeville says in a sarcastic undertone to Mrs. Melmont, as they rustle imposingly into Catherine's presence.

Mr. Gorham held back. For her sake only.

But when Mrs. Melmont, throwing her head archly back, demanded that he should "stand by his promise," he came resolutely forward determined that they should accord to Kate the full meed of courtesy and respect which was her due.

Taking the lead, he extends his hand cordially to the pale, beautiful artist standing in stately patience to know their pleasure, and, turning to his companions, says, with a certain grave imperativeness:

"Let me introduce you to my friend, Mrs. Kendall, ladies. I congratulate you upon being so fortunate as to obtain her assistance."

As he designated Mrs. Melmont and Mrs. Mandeville by name and glance, he was struck by the disagreeable expression on the haughty face of the latter lady. It said plainly, "Needs be that offenses come, but we be unto him by whom they come."

## CHAPTER XXII.—"ALAS FOR THE RARITY OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY!"

TWO pairs of gold-rimmed glasses were levelled curiously upon Mrs. Kendall on the strength of this unexpected introduction, an ordeal which she bore with outward fortitude and inward contempt. With dignity worthy of a duchess, she indicated seats to her visitors, and then quietly resumed her own by the little work-table, which was strewn with an artistic litter of pictures, paints and brushes, and boxes and bottles.

"I believe," she said, turning her calm eyes courteously upon Mrs. Melmont, "the boy said you wished to see me about a picture?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Melmont, glibly, "you are a colorist for the Jacob's Gallery, are you not?"

"I am one of Jacob's colorists."

"Did you ever see anything as hideous as that?" she asked, impetuously, tearing the wrappings from the offensive picture and laying it on the table in front of Catherine, regardless of the fact that she laid it upon heaps of fragile material.

Catherine slightly smiled as she replied: "Unless by inexorable decree of the original, there seems no excuse for doing such violence to the laws of contrast."

"Exactly! You have caught the point at once," Mrs. Mandeville graciously remarks.

"Oh! I am so glad to find you know what you are about," Mrs. Melmont adds, gushing with flattery in her delight at having matters mended. "Now, my dear creature"—and with a sweep of her gloved hand she brushed aside the litter on the table to make room for herself closer to Kate—"I want to consult with you about that very contrast."

Mr. Gorham sprang hastily forward and stooped to repair the mischief done by the insolent little aristocrat. Among the things she had thrown to the floor with the sweep of her silken draperies was a small rosewood box, the lid of which had fallen back in its descent to the floor, scattering the entire contents. Almost reverently the lawyer lays his hands on these private treasures of the woman he loves. He is glad that the low, hanging table-cover hides her face from him—he knows she is burning with indignation; and wonders how much of this day's mortification she is laying at his door. But, in a calm, even voice, she is replying to Mrs. Melmont's gush, apparently unaware of the task he is bent upon. Water-color book-markers, in various stages of completion, formed the larger portion of the box's contents—scraps of newspaper clippings, a note from himself to her—and he bent with boyish confusion over it—a small crayon sketch of his own features—quickly laying it face downwards in the box, he closed the lid with a snap, and rose to his feet to meet one startled glance from Catherine's brown eyes as, with a slight inclination of her head, she took from his hand the box, and restored it to its place; but his keen eye detected the tremor in her hand, and he pitied her for the pain he knew the incident had caused her.

Resuming his seat on the sofa by Mrs. Mandeville's side, she makes him aware that her keen eyes have also surprised poor Kate's secret, as with a curling lip she remarks: "Your exertions have flushed you"—while Kate gravely resumed her discussion of tints and combinations with Mrs. Melmont.

She evidently has her own views, which she is disposed to maintain with the calm persistency of an artist who has a reputation to sustain.

Mrs. Melmont has hers, which she seems equally determined to maintain. Unfortunately the two sets of opinions seem to be totally irreconcilable, when suddenly Mr. Gorham is appealed to.

"Now, Mr. Gorham, you promised me before we got here that you would assist me to resist dictation. I am in need of your services right now, for I am being browbeaten out of every suggestion I advance."

"Pardon me, but I did not know then that we were about to visit Mrs. Kendall. You remember how vague your information on that point was. I should not dare to place my opinion against so true an artist in a matter of this sort."

"Thank you," said Catherine, flashing one grateful look at him, and he knew that she was thanking him, not for the compliment to her skill as an artist, but for his adroit apology for his presence there.

Mrs. Melmont pouted and beat the floor with her foot.

Mrs. Mandeville drew her lace shawl about her shoulders and looked suggestively at her watch.

Catherine looked coldly patient.

What between his desire on the one hand to be loyal to Kate and defend her against the insolence of caste, and on the other the danger of conveying an idea of too great intimacy with the handsome artist to the cynical woman of the world by his side, Mr. Gorham was in a most uncomfortable position.

But as matters seemed to have come to a deadlock between the artist and her unreasonable customer, he came to the rescue with a proposition that he might be allowed the privilege of suggesting a delicate shade of primrose, "and if Mrs. Kendall will permit me, I will play artist myself."

"Oh, thanks!" says Mrs. Melmont.

While Catherine resigned her place by the table, he dashed an impatient brush across the painted face, and with a few masterly touches carried the matter beyond the realms of dispute, caring very little whether Mrs. Melmont's pictured self were improved by the operation or not.

"Perfect!" was the joint exclamation of the two sisters, while Kate, coldly adding her encomiums, was thinking bitterly that nothing short of absolute proprietorship of the original would have warranted such a liberty with her picture.

"What do I owe you?" Mrs. Melmont asks of Kate, with an ostentatious display of a well-filled purse.

"Your friend, Mr. Gorham, is the party to whom your thanks and your remuneration are due," Mrs. Kendall says, quietly busying herself in adjusting her disarranged table; "I am sorry I found myself so unequal to your demands."

Mrs. Melmont looked as if she would be very much obliged to somebody for letting her know whether or not she was being snubbed, but she quietly pocketed her purse and made a motion to terminate the interview.

"Mr. Gorham, will you see Lulie to the carriage? I will join you in half a second," Mrs. Mandeville said, as they all stood ready to depart, and she was left alone with Mrs. Kendall.

"My good creature, I am going to make a request of you. I noticed among the contents of that box," tapping Kate's rosewood box with her fan, "a small crayon sketch of Mr. Gorham. I presume it is for sale. I desire you to finish it in your very best style, and I will pay you your own price for it. I desire it for a bridal present to my sister—you understand, of course, you're not to gossip about this matter."

Catherine simply stared at her in white indignation.

She never really knew when the lady swept out of her presence, so utterly crushed and forlorn did she feel at the termination of the interview.

Mrs. Lulie Melmont never was known to leave a spot without having to return or send a messenger back for something left behind.

This time it was her vinaigrette which had been left in the alcove, and Mr. Gorham was sent back for it. Walking straight back to the alcove, he raised the curtains and stood once more in Catherine's presence. She was bending over that fatal box, she had his picture in one hand; while in the other gleamed a pair of scissors. It was folly to make a pretense of ignorance on either side.

He laid his hand softly over hers—the one that had closed tightly over the picture—with down-dropped eyes and crimson cheeks she stood convicted in the presence of her conqueror.

"Pardon me this morning's work," he said, "it has cost me more than you can understand. I would have shielded you better if I had dared. As for that," and he smiled as he indicated the hidden picture by a glance, "why should we tremble and blush over it like two detected children? Catherine, do you not know that there are times when Nature will have her way in spite of the world, the flesh, and the devil! Do you not know that there are human beings scattered all over this miserable world of ours, who are thrown together haphazard—meeting by chance—who awake to the mutual consciousness of absolute need of each other, only to be made aware of insurmountable barriers. Do you not know that in strong, earnest natures, man or woman, love is amenable to no law of right or expediency, that we love where we must. Love is not the little blind child of heathen mythology; it is a strong man armed, with whom we are called upon either to do vain battle, and to be left bruised, bleeding, fainting, or else yield ourselves to willing, delicious bondage. Which shall you and I do, my friend?"

His voice trembled; the hand that clasped hers trembled; the man's whole soul trembled within him as he awaited her reply. Proudly flinging off the hand that clasped hers, she flashed the indignation of an insulted queen into his eyes as she replied:

"There is no absolute need on earth, but the need for man's honor and woman's integrity. He



who talks of love's mastery and insurmountable barriers in one breath, leads where I cannot follow him. Love is a strong man armed. I grant you, but his weapons of lust and of desire fall blunted and powerless before the triple arms of truth, purity and honor. You have taken me at a disadvantage. You have surprised my secret from me. Take it for what it is worth. 'Which shall you and I do,' you ask. I have just been made aware of your position; surely the sign-posts in the road of honor are not all obliterated; follow thou them! As for me, I am content to do vain battle, and, if need be, to be left bruised, bleeding, fainting—yes, sick unto death!"

"It were well worth having offended to have stirred you to so sublime a vindication of your own exalted womanhood," the offender said, almost humbly, bowing his kingly head before the woman who had by every spoken word, every impassioned gesture, every glance of her indignant eye, but riveted his claims the closer. "But, before I leave you, will you not put your hand in mine in kindness and tell me that you forgive that unpremeditated outburst of mine? I found you alone and sorrowful. I had hoped never to have lost control of myself in your presence. I am not worthy of the trust imposed upon me. I know my own weakness now, and I scorn myself for it!"

"Are you not keeping your friends waiting?" asked Mrs. Kendall, in an almost repellent voice. "True. I am adding discourtesy to the long list of this day's offenses. I was commissioned to find a vinaigrette. Ah! this is it. Thank you. One word more. You said, a while back, that you had 'just become aware of my position.' I doubt if you are aware of it. But you shall no longer be kept in the dark if I have to break a very foolish promise to Gregory Kendall. To-morrow evening you must be prepared for a very strange recital, for I shall come to you, and, perhaps, Catherine—who knows?—you will come to feel more leniently towards this day's mistakes of mine than you do now, after I have told you everything."

"Please go!" were the last words that Hugh Gorham was destined to hear from the lips he best loved, for a weary, long time to come.

He turned upon the doorsill of the alcove; she was slowly but resolutely tearing the crayon sketch into very small bits.

(To be continued.)

#### THE BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.

THE grand "Fourteen-inch Balk-line Billiard Tournament," as the contest now in progress at Irving Hall is somewhat technically designated, opened brilliantly on the evening of Monday, April 20th. The hall presented a very handsome appearance, having an elegant Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company billiard-table sitting in its centre, with an amphitheatre built entirely around it, the front row of seats being twelve feet away from the table. Every seat in the house afforded its occupant a clear view of the table-bed, and every seat in the house was occupied. The opening game of the tournament was between George F. Slosson and William Sexton, and was won by the former. The new game met with approval from the large audience, judging from the frequent applause rendered the success of the players, and its brilliancy in execution, because of the wide balk-lines, was the occasion of many remarks.

The second game, on the following night, when Maurice Daly and Jacob Schaefer were the contestants, was graced by the presence of Mme. Adelina Patti. The *diva* is a famous lover of the game, and is herself an expert with the cue.

In the present tournament, the celebrated players, Messrs. Schaefer, Slosson, Dion, Daly and Sexton contend for money-prizes of \$1,000, \$600, \$400 and \$250. At the close of the tournament a benefit entertainment will be given, by the experts, in aid of the Bartholdi Pedestal Fund, when short games of billiards will be played between the experts of the tournament, each game concluding with fancy shots, giving the specialties of each player in billiard *fantastique*. The affair will come off on the evening of Saturday, May 2d.

#### THE INTER-STATE DRILL AT MOBILE.

FOR weeks past, the newspapers of the Southern States, especially those of Alabama, have been sounding the notes of preparation for the grand Inter-State Drill to be held at Mobile during the fortnight beginning April 27th and ending May 11th. It is to be an extensive and imposing affair. Military and cadet corps from all parts of the South will be present. The competitive drilling and the vast encampment will present a magnificent spectacle, which multitudes will gather to see.

Our illustration gives a view of Camp Drum in advance of its occupation by the visiting companies. Describing this camp, a few days before the opening of the drill, a correspondent writes: "Everything is complete save the final touches of paint and whitewash, which are wisely kept for the last, in view of possible bad weather. The grounds look beautifully in their bright Spring dress of fresh foliage, trimmed with gray moss; and every detail of comfort and convenience for the visitors—military and civilian—now arranged in such form as to leave no one thing to be desired. The shell-road approaches to the grounds have never been more lovely than now. Bright new greens vary the darker background of the giant magnolias; the latter full of buds that promise unusual profusion of these glorious flowers at camp time. Late Spring has been a true boon to our visitors, for only the Cherokee roses and azaleas now send their perfumed invitation to the passer to stop and gather them. A week more, and the length of the beautiful drive will teem with color and fragrance."

#### GENERAL GRANT'S IMPROVEMENT.

WHATEVER may be the explanation, it is happily a fact that General Grant has risen from what was believed to be his deathbed. During the past week he has been enabled not only to gain strength by eating and sleeping naturally, but to ride and even walk out in the Spring sunshine. The scene which our artist has drawn from life, and which is reproduced on another page, is one which, three weeks ago, no friend of the General's expected ever to witness again. It shows him leaving his house in Sixty-sixth Street for a drive, for the first time after the critical

period of his illness. This drive was taken on Monday, April 20th. The General was well enough to go out the day before, but when this was suggested, he said: "No. I suppose there may be prayers going up from several churches for my recovery, and I think it more proper that I should remain within under such circumstances."

At two o'clock on Monday, a closed, glossy carriage, drawn by a pair of handsome bays, drew up in front of the house. The sun was very warm, but there was a trace of keenness in the air in the shade. The door of the house was opened, and Harrison came out with a robe, which he laid on the seat of the carriage. He was followed by General Grant, who walked without assistance. He wore dark clothes, a Winter overcoat, and a high silk hat, and carried a light cane. No pallor was visible in his cheeks, but his face was thin and marked by deep lines. His step was quite firm. The group in the streets lifted their hats to General Grant, and he returned the salute by raising his own. He got into the carriage, and his son Ulysses and Dr. Douglas sat down beside him. The coachman drove off up Fifth Avenue as far as Mt. St. Vincent, and was back at the house in twenty minutes. General Grant alighted unassisted, and walked slowly up the steps, leaning on his cane.

The General has since taken several such drives, and he enjoys them greatly. He appears to grow stronger, although the improvement is slow, and he has lost greatly in weight. Last Monday, the 27th instant, General Grant's sixty-fourth birthday anniversary was celebrated in Chicago, Cincinnati, and other places. A trip to California and a sojourn in the Catskill Mountains are among the projects already discussed by his friends and family for the coming Summer.

#### A ROMANCE OF THE SEA.

A RECENT dispatch from Halifax says: "A romance has come to light connected with the ill-fated steamship *Daniel Steinmann*, which was wrecked at Sambre a year ago, when 124 lives were lost. Previous to his leaving home, Peter Andreas Michaelson, one of the passengers, deposited \$39,570 and some valuables for safe keeping with one Herschird, of Hasle, Denmark, and took a receipt therefor. Probably imagining that no legal evidence would ever be forthcoming that he had the money, Herschird refused to return it to the dead man's relatives. Thereupon the Danish Foreign Minister communicated with Mr. Tobin, the Danish Consul at this port, requesting him to spare no effort to find the receipt. The bodies and wreckage washed ashore from time to time have been carefully searched, and the divers who have been working on the wreck for the past year have kept a sharp lookout for the missing document, but all without success. Recently a small trunk was washed ashore containing a number of letters and papers. These were turned over to the Consul. They were water-soaked and the writing almost obliterated, but among them was the long looked-for receipt, which, after much difficulty, Consul Tobin deciphered and translated. He has cabled the good news to Copenhagen."

#### MAKART IN HIS STUDIO.

A SALE in Makart's studio! A crowd of men smoking, women chattering, noise, dust and naked prose, in the sanctuary of art and culture and good taste! There is no desecration which impresses one more painfully than the changes which houses and rooms undergo. A cultivated Englishman, with whom I paid a visit to Makart's studio, in coming away, said: "This was quite the thing best worth seeing in all Vienna." But it is as difficult to describe as easy to remember. Imagine a little man, who by the work of his hands, which is to him enjoyment, not labor, earns hundreds of thousands of florins every year, who is endowed with a light-hearted, careless nature, not dreaming of the morrow, and who squanders his easily acquired wealth in the manner of princes of old. With his purse always full of money, traveling all over the world, Makart had a keen eye for beautiful things wherever he met with them, and this is how he amassed a museum of art treasures. If any one in Vienna wanted to sell some really handsome article, he always went to Makart first, because he seldom refused to buy, and always paid the best price. In one instance, a poor woman, reduced to utter misery by a prolonged illness of her husband, went to Makart with her beautiful head of golden hair, which trailed on the ground. He allowed her to cut it off, and gave her one thousand florins for it—certainly a better price than a hairdresser would have paid. When Makart sent out invitations to a fancy ball, he gave the date and style with which the dresses to be worn must coincide, and when his guests came to consult him, he made drawings of costumes for them, and when he had a doubt whether the expense would exceed the means of some pretty women whom he especially cared to see in his house, he ordered the dress of his own costumer, and sent it to the lady with a sketch by his own brush. This is the reason why there are several hundred fine old costumes among the things left behind, all of which at the very first glance prove that genius directed the hand that made them.

Costume was Makart's best feature, and he often delighted in "making-up" famous actresses for their parts in pieces where the dresses were historical. Thus he once arranged Charlotte Wolter as *Messalina* (he painted her in the part afterwards), and he came on the boards of the Burg Theatre to give the last touch to her "folds," as she lay half reclined on a couch. But poor Wolter had trusted too much to his able fingers, and forgot the fact that no man can stick a pin into anything without its coming out at the wrong moment. When she rose from her couch to address her Emperor, all the pins in the bodice gave way at once, and she had to run off the scene as fast as her Roman garments would allow her.

#### HOW EMILE ZOLA LIVES AND WRITES.

"LET me explain to you exactly how I wrote the 'Assommoir,' which made such a sensation when it appeared, and was really the commencement of my success. Before the 'Assommoir' I was no one, I can assure you. I had taken a little house at St. Aubin for three months, with the intention of passing a quiet time by the ocean with Madame Zola and my own thoughts. One day, as I was sitting on the beach looking at the peaceful scene, the idea of the seething, troubled crowds of people in the stiflingly close streets of Paris came upon me with such force that, try as I would, I could not banish it from my mind. Suppose I wrote a book about these long-suffering working-people? Ah, I knew them! I had mingled with

them. Yes, I must write a book about them. What did I live on the Rue de la Pepiniere for, why was I forced to endure the wretchedness of the Rue St. Jacques and the Boulevard Montparnasse, if it were not to immortalize them? Yes, write a book about them. That was all that remained to be done. Certain scenes that I had witnessed came back to me. I remembered an extraordinary wedding and a remarkable death. I recollected a visit I had made to the washerwoman's establishment. Several other striking incidents recurred to my mind. How to bind all these things together was the next question to settle. Remember, I had no plot. I had no characters. I had merely certain scenes which I wished to describe.

"I must have something very simple," I said, aloud. My wife was sitting beside me, and started as I uttered the words. She was not astonished, however. She knew me. Then it seemed to me that, involuntarily, I selected my principal characters. A working-woman, who had had two children, and had subsequently married an honest man, living happily until her husband fell a victim to drink, and then falling into misery and disgrace. Ah! that was something for me. I could set her up as a washerwoman, and in that manner introduce the curious scene I had noticed in the washerwoman's establishment. And the husband's drunkenness! There was a scope for me. The 'Assommoir' was a thing accomplished. I set to work at once. When I had written two chapters, I conceived the notion of introducing the slang in use among the working-people, whom the critics afterwards said I libeled. I reveled in dictionaries—not for the purpose of discovery, but merely to refresh my memory. Ah! I was so thoroughly well posted in slang that the dictionary could teach me nothing. I worked hard in my usual manner. I rose at 8 o'clock and sat before my writing-table from 9 until 1. 'Nulla dies sine linea' is the motto which is written over my mantelpiece. Bertrand and Raton, my two pet dogs, snored all the time at my feet. The music of their snoring by no means disturbed me. At 1 o'clock I lunched. I call lunching 'the literature of the mouth,' and I believe in it, monsieur. I am forced to do so. At 2 o'clock I took a siesta. My day's work was over. After the siesta came the postman, and I was soon lost in my favorite newspapers, the *Figaro*, the *Economiste*, the *Gaulois*, the *Voltaire* and the *Gil Blas*. The unpleasant remarks about myself in those papers I always received in letters. I invariably keep them. I have enormous scrap-books filled with abuse of myself. I enjoy reading it. At 4 o'clock I went on board *Nana*, my little boat, and rowed over to a small island, where I had built a miniature castle. My wife always accompanied me with a little basket of food, which every afternoon we discussed *a la Robinson Crusoe*. At 7 o'clock dinner, then a cup of tea and a dish of conversation, sometimes billiards, and bed at 9 o'clock. I always read in bed until 1. The delightful quietness of the country, only broken by the noise of the railway—not an unpleasant noise to me, monsieur, as it always reminded me of man's unceasing energy—came upon me. I listen. Then I took up my book again. Then I went to sleep. I have spoken in the past tense, but this is my programme at present, and will be as long as I live."

#### FACTS OF INTEREST.

THE London *Globe* remarks: "The Yankees boast of putting out Vesuvius with Niagara, but they have never yet attempted to carry the boast into practice. In this respect they are far behind the simple Russians of Smolensk. A small volcano has developed itself, and the peasants have been trying to put it out by drenching the ground with water. According to the latest accounts, the volcano will continue for some time to afford excellent practice for the local fire brigade."

ADVICES from Pointe des Monts state that a number of cannon, some measuring ten and others four feet in length, were washed up near the shore at Pointe aux Anglais by the late great storms. These cannon are supposed to be relics of the disaster to an English fleet which occurred nearly two hundred years ago, and from which Pointe aux Anglais derived its name. Discoveries of fire-arms, swords and bayonets have been made in the locality, and efforts have been made from time to time to recover a large treasure supposed to have been lost there.

THE naval service of England has a total of 56,940 officers and men, and a total fleet effective for general service of 283 vessels, including 62 armored ships, in addition to which are 74 torpedo-boats. Of the very first class are 12 turret ships and barbette ships, constructed to carry the heaviest possible guns and armor. The principal of this class is the *Infatigable*, incased in 3,275 tons' weight of armor. The Russian navy consists of the Baltic fleet, the Black Sea fleet, the Caspian flotilla, and the Siberian flotilla, comprising 358 vessels, armed with 671 guns. There are 40 iron-clads incased in armor varying from 4½ to 16 inches in thickness. The naval force is 26,345 men.

THE French Consul at Naples gives an account in his last report of the attempts which have been made to acclimatize the tea-plant in Italy. Professor Becari, who has been to India for the purpose of investigating the growth of tea, is of the opinion that there is no reason why it should not succeed in Italy if the plants and the seed are brought from a climate similar to that of the peninsula, for the fact of its growing in the open air along the Riviera, upon the shores of Lago Maggiore and at Florence proves that it is to a certain extent a hardy plant. The Italian Minister of Agriculture has determined to act upon Professor Becari's report, and has already sent a large order to Japan, besides buying a number of plants from a landed proprietor at Pallanza, in the province of Novara, who has met with a fair amount of success in his experiments.

THE interest of the sporting world at Paris is at present divided between horse and balloon races, and so general does the new sport threaten to become that the Parisians will soon be no more astonished at seeing a number of balloons above their heads than they would be if the air-ships were so many pigeons. Inventors are hard at work on improved balloons, and among such the latest novelty, which is at present being privately trained, but will shortly appear in public, is furnished with a pair of large wings worked by an electric motor. This balloon is announced to be able to hold its own against a violent current of air, and aeronauts and their friends are looking forward to its first appearance with considerable interest. An aerial race-meeting, it is predicted, will be a fixture long before aerial navies take to "grappling in the central blue."

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

TORNADOES and cloud-bursts wrought devastation in parts of Texas and Kansas last week.

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA is making fatal headway among the cattle in some parts of Missouri.

THE net result of the Soldiers' Home Carnival, which closed at Boston last week, was about \$60,000.

LOUISVILLE is making great preparations for her Exposition next Fall, and, from the present prospects, the managers anticipate a very decided success.

THE Guion line steamer *Alaska*, having been chartered by the British Government, all her transatlantic engagements are therefore cancelled indefinitely.

A JOURNALIST, lately returned from Alaska, says that of the 400 Americans now in the country, 300 would come home if they had the money to pay their traveling expenses.

A FEW years ago Kansas was treeless. Now it has 20,000,000 fruit-trees and 200,000 acres of forest-trees planted by the people of the State. There is great virtue in "Arbor Day."

THE Sandwich Island sugar-planters are turning to Japan as an available source of labor supply. About 1,000 Japanese have been brought over lately, and it is said they make excellent hands. The majority of them come attended by their families.

GENERAL MAHONEY's friends say he will be nominated for Governor of Virginia next month on an "aggressive" platform. The bond decision has produced great excitement throughout Virginia, and the "Readjusters" believe it will again place them in power.

BURTON and CUNNINGHAM, the London dynamiters, who were indicted by the Grand Jury on April 21st, asked that their trial should be postponed, upon the ground that witnesses are expected from America who will prove an *alibi*. The judge set down the trial for May 11th.

IN an interview, recently printed in a Brooklyn paper, the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Hall is made to declare his belief that the body of A. T. Stewart was never stolen. The idea expressed in the publication is that the story was fabricated in order to prevent a theft of the body by men who had threatened in anonymous letters to steal it.

DULL times have hurt the Philadelphia Zoo. The annual report of the Society says there was a large decrease in the number of visitors as compared with last year. The heaviest receipts from admissions were on Sundays. The Society spent last year \$5,241.21 in the purchase of 232 animals. Forty-eight were born on the ground and 175 were presented.

AN elevated railway is proposed in Paris, to be finished before the opening of the Exposition in 1889. The plan is a double track, one above the other, and forty-nine feet, at least, from the building fronts. The estimated capacity required is 80,000 passengers per day, and the fares twenty-five, fifteen and ten centimes, or five, three and two cents respectively.

SINCE the dynamite outrages in January last, visitors have been rigidly excluded from the Tower of London. On Easter Monday, the first public holiday of the year in England, London holiday-makers expressed much dissatisfaction at not being permitted to enter one of their most popular resorts. The authorities announce that for the present no visitors will be admitted within the gates.

THE first encounter between Riel's half-breeds and General Middleton's advanced forces took place on the 24th instant, fifteen miles south of Batouche. A sharp fight ensued, in which the half-breeds apparently held their own. Of General Middleton's column, several men were killed, and about a score wounded. Battleford has been relieved by the mounted police and Colonel Otter's column.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has refused to exercise the power of Executive clemency in regard to the sentence of General Swain, Judge Advocate-general of the Army. General Swain appealed to the President for a pardon on the ground that he had not received a fair trial. The sentence of the Court was a suspension from duty for twelve years on half pay. The half pay will amount to about \$3,000 a year.

ONE of the most far-reaching results of the Riel rebellion, and one which will prove calamitous to the country at large, is the suspension of work on the Canadian Pacific road. Exposed to sudden attacks from predatory bands of Indians, the workmen have struck work, and as the syndicate in charge of the road are already some \$6,000,000 or \$8,000,000 in debt to their contractor, a collapse has been almost hourly expected.

THE news from the Isthmus grows interesting. On Saturday it was announced that the Americans had entered Panama five hundred strong, and all the American property was occupied without resistance. Aizapur and three of his staff were arrested; great preparations were being made for a fight, when the Americans arrived, knocked down the barricades, and took charge of the town. The insurgents were recalled to their barracks by bugle.

THE celebrated Marie-Garrison suit, and the other pending suits which grew out of the foreclosure in September, 1876, of the third mortgage bonds of the Pacific Railroad of Missouri, have been at last settled and dismissed. The terms of the settlement are the discontinuance of all litigation, without costs, on the payment to the plaintiffs of about \$1,000,000, of which the Garrison estate pays one-half, and the Missouri Pacific and the Atlantic and Pacific Railway Companies, in about equal parts, the other half. It is understood that the share of the Missouri Pacific is about \$270,000. Each party pays its own costs.

POLYGAMY has received a blow in the Supreme Court decision in the case of Rudger Clawson. Clawson was indicted for polygamy in Utah, and on his trial the Court refused to allow polygamists to be empaneled on the jury. He was convicted and sentenced to four years in the penitentiary, and the case was taken to the United States Supreme Court on a writ of error, plaintiff alleging illegality in the exclusion from the jury of all persons who believed in polygamy. The Appellate Court now confirms the judgment of the District Court of Utah, holding that the exclusion of believers in polygamy from the jury was lawful.



PEDRO PRESTAN,  
LEADER OF THE INSURGENTS AT COLON.

THE correspondent who, from the Isthmus, sends to us the ferrotype of the rebel leader, from which our portrait is engraved, supplies also the following sketch of his career: "Pedro Prestan was born in Porto Bello. His father was a native of Curacao (Dutch Possession), and his mother was from Carthage. At the age of fourteen Prestan was sent to college in Carthage. There he followed a regular course of studies, and was considered by his professors to be a very intelligent student. Very little is known of him after he left the college. It was only five years ago that he began his public career by killing a political opponent in Colon. Since that time he has practiced law. As a shrewd politician, he has always tried to join those leaders who governed the Isthmus, and who in their turn were glad to use Prestan's influence among the half-breeds in order to rise to power. During the last two or three months Prestan has been working actively to aid Aizapuri in his revolution. The most prominent followers of Aizapuri and Prestan are Ardilla, Dubany, Clement, Tyada, Espriella, Ambulo, Quinzada, Mendozu and General Alfaro (Ecuadorian). The insurgents are mostly half-breeds and negroes. It is said to be an established fact that Prestan and his men set fire to Colon because the captain of the steamer *Colon* refused to deliver the firearms which he (Prestan) had ordered from New York, and paid for with money raised in Panama. It was really fortunate for the Americans temporarily imprisoned that the Colombian Guards came into Aspinwall, otherwise they would have been shot by Prestan. Nothing is as yet known of Prestan's whereabouts, although \$5,000 have been offered for his head. Thousands of people destitute and in absolute misery and hunger are victims of his wickedness."

P. HARRIS, OF MUSEUM FAME,  
CINCINNATI.

THE general falling off in the patronage of high-priced amusements in the United States during the past season has drawn the attention of the public more and more to entertainments combining cheapness with other good qualities. Some three or four years ago, a far-seeing young amusement caterer, Mr. P. Harris, made a move in the direction of such entertainments, where bright and sparkling performances were combined with an exhibition of wondrous curiosities; and these he properly designated as museums. It was an innovation upon old-established customs; but Mr. Harris attracted the public, and fully understood the work he had undertaken. He has persevered in his plans, until now he is the proprietor of four museums: one in Cincinnati, one in Louisville, one in Pittsburg and one in Baltimore. In fact, he is known as the father of cheap amusements—not cheap in their character or variety, but cheap in the expense of visiting them. The last venture of Mr. Harris is the leasing of Robinson's Opera House, Cincinnati, to which prominent location his Vine Street Museum in that city has just been transferred.

THE AESTHETIC IN SPOOL COTTON.

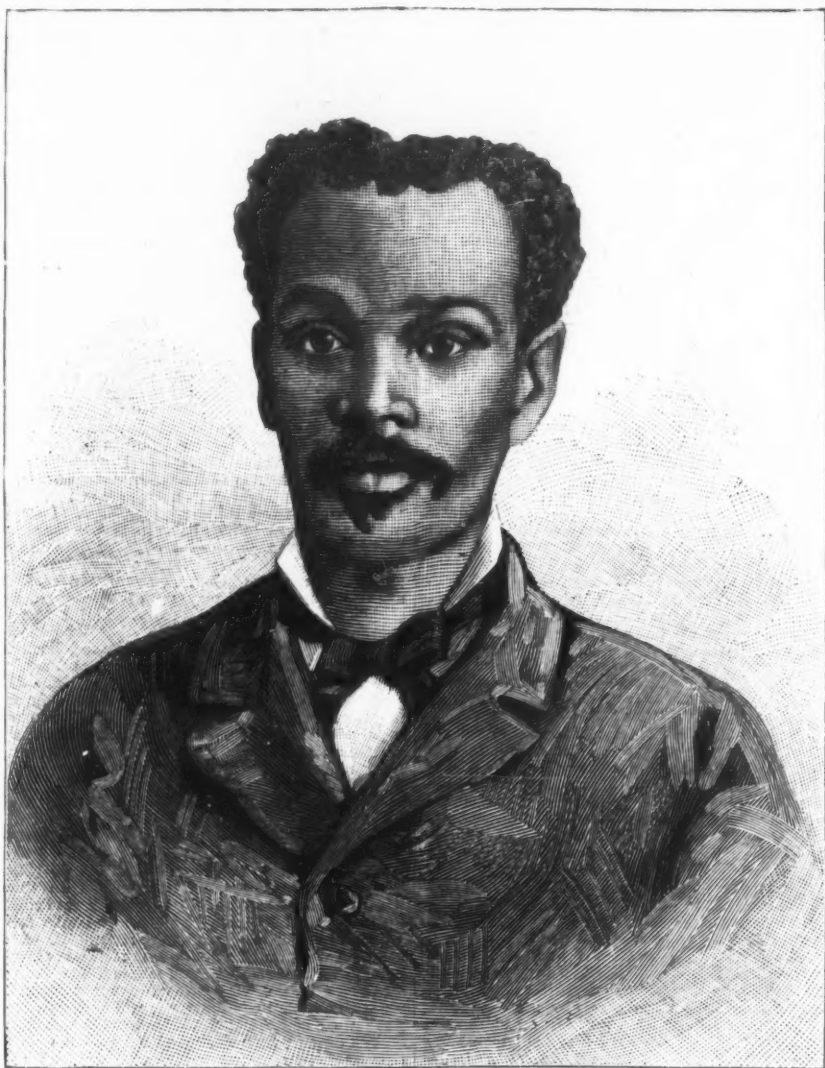
WITH an eye to the beautiful, as well as to illustrate the merits of their exhibit, Messrs. J. & P. Coats, of Paisley, Scotland, and Pawtucket, R. I., have selected a theme immortalized by Longfellow in "The Skeleton in Armor," while "Spirits freed from mortal cares, with ease assume what sexes and what shapes they please." Even Longfellow's fearful guest, still in rude armor drest, had his special liking for a spot on earth.

"There for my lady's bower  
Built the lofty tower,  
Which, to this very hour,  
Stands looking seaward."

Thus spake the ghostly visitant, and accepting poetic fiction as a matter of fact, it is about as



OHIO.—P. HARRIS, MUSEUM MANAGER, CINCINNATI.



ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.—PEDRO PRESTAN, THE INSURGENT LEADER.

authentic as historical information on the subject. Be that as it may, "The Old Stone Mill" stands to this very day within the City of Newport, R. I., while its counterpart, built entirely of Coats's Spool Cotton, stands equally as conspicuous an object in the northwest section of the main building of the New Orleans Exposition. The Mill is seen slowly revolving within a large octagonal case of glass, reaching high above the surrounding objects. This frame is capped at the apex by an immense spool of cotton surmounted by an eagle, while from each of the eight corners beautiful silken banners bearing the inscription, "J. & P. Coats," wave above the observers beneath. The Mill, illustrated on this page, is fourteen feet in height and eleven in diameter, relatively about one-half of the original, constructed entirely of spool cotton manufactured by J. & P. Coats. Every column is a different shade of color, showing in the order of revolution navy-blue, dark green, dark brown, bronze, cardinal red, terra-cotta, purple, and peacock-blue. The arches springing from these columns are of dark garnet, standing out in rich and striking contrast. The entablature is artistically elaborated by a combination of the various colors of spool cotton, as previously described, which, assimilating with the colors of the column directly beneath, combine in beautiful effect, the sombre shades being enlivened by fine tints of canary. In slate-colored spools of thread, on a white background, between two bordering lines of garnet, the cornice is inscribed with the motto in Longfellow's verse, "The lofty tower, which, to this very hour, stands looking seaward." The Mill is a masterpiece of art and ingenuity, 80,000 spools of cotton being used in its construction.

Turning away from the fascinations of the mill, marveling at the beauty of its conception and execution, attention is diverted to the process of thread-making, from the skein-spooler to the final finishing for market. All the machines are automatic and labor-saving. The skein-spooler winds from the hanks of thread to large bobbins, which in turn are transferred to the spooling-machines. These machines wind exactly two hundred yards of thread to every spool, and stop until a fresh spool is fed to them wherewith to renew operations. The spools are thence transferred to the ticketing-machine, where the labels are deftly stuck on, and thence to boxes, which are dexterously prepared by one of the several girls brought hither by the company to better show the process.

Other special features of the exhibit are two butterflies of spool thread in a gilt frame, and a column of spools of thread of many hues. This column, like the mill, is crowned with a spool of cotton and an eagle. The firm of J. & P. Coats was established many years ago in

Paisley, Scotland, and until fifteen years ago their business was conducted at that place, when the extraordinary demand in America for their cotton led to the establishment of mills in this country at Pawtucket, R. I. While the standard cotton is white and black, they have never omitted to follow fickle fashion in every change of color, with what success the brilliant display of colors at the Exposition serves to illustrate.

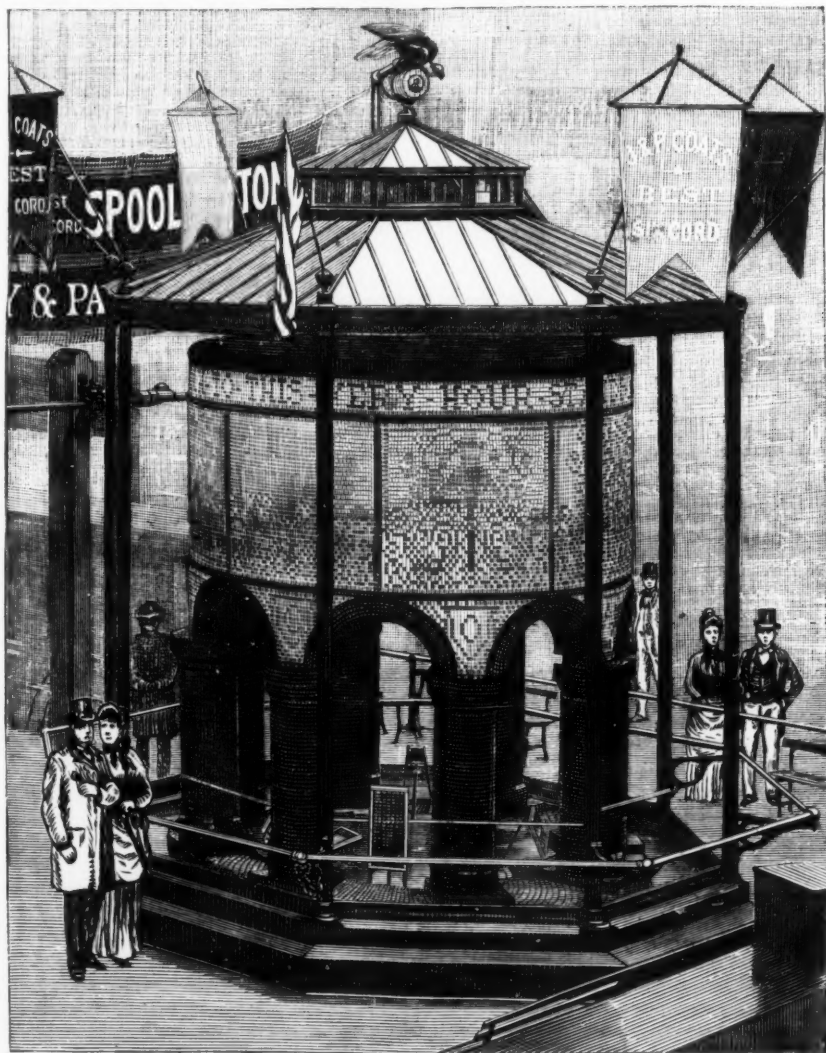
THE ACTORS' MONUMENT TO POE.

THE project of erecting in New York city a monument to Edgar Allan Poe originated as far back as 1880. It was Mr. William F. Gill, one of Poe's biographers, we believe, who first sug-

gested the co-operation of the dramatic profession in this matter. Mr. Gill made his suggestion at first to Mr. Edwin Booth, who consented to do what he could for a Poe Memorial Fund. A very pleasant entertainment, which was given at the Madison Square Theatre, on the afternoon of June 28th, 1880, was the beginning of the Poe Memorial business, which was at the start harshly ridiculed by many who were unable to understand why the time and labor of actors should go to the building of a monument in honor of an American poet. Nevertheless, the work went on, and scores of actors seemed to be willing to help it—especially actors like Mr. Booth, Mr. McCullough, Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Florence, Signor Salvini, Miss Morris, and others who are in the front rank of their profession. The Poe Memorial Fund became, therefore, an actors' fund, and was raised chiefly through the labors of the actors of New York—their object being, in this commemoration of Poe, to record their pride and satisfaction in this famous poet as the child of actors.

The entertainments given, besides the one already mentioned, were: at Booth's Theatre, February 11th, 1881; at the Union Square Theatre, December 9th, 1881; and at the Academy of Music, April 23d, 1882. A few contributions were received from private individuals—among the gifts being one from the University of Virginia; but it was understood, on all sides, that this statue would be a tribute from the American Stage to an American poet born of theatrical lineage. As such it is to be dedicated, and the committee in charge of the affair have assigned the ceremony of unveiling the statue for Monday, May 4th, at three o'clock, P. M. The exercises on that occasion will include an address by Hon. A. S. Sullivan; speeches by Edwin Booth, Lester Wallack and General Di Censola; a poem by William Winter; an oration by William R. Alger; a musical composition by George Edgar Montgomery; and other interesting features, to be presently announced.

The statue was made at Florence, Italy, by Mr. Richard Henry Park. It was placed some time ago in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, but has remained covered with drapery ever since. Admission to the Museum on the day of the dedication will be gained by ticket, and it is understood that about 5,000 invitations will be issued. The memorial consists of a massive and majestic female figure, more than life-size—made of white marble—represented in the act of placing a wreath upon a bust of the poet. The bust is of bronze, set against an entablature of white marble, and beneath it is an appropriate inscription. The entire structure rests upon a pedestal of marble and granite. The figure may be taken as emblematic of the stage, which is thus paying homage to its poet child. The Poe Memorial Committee is constituted as follows: Hon. A. S. Sullivan, Chairman; A. M. Palmer, Treasurer; Thomas McWatters, Secretary; Hon. John R. Brady, Edwin Booth, Lester Wallack, William Winter, James Wood Davidson, Bartley Campbell, Marshall Mallory, R. L. Harrison, Steele Mackaye, George Edgar Montgomery, Leon J. Vincent, Charles E. Furlong and Frank B. Carpenter. The inscription on the Poe Monument (written by William Winter, and closing with a quotation from Horace), is as follows:



LOUISIANA.—J. & P. COATS' EXHIBIT AT THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION—REPRODUCTION IN SPOOL COTTON, OF "THE OLD STONE MILL," NEWPORT, R. I.



"This Memorial, expressing a deep and personal sympathy between the Stage and the Literature of America, was placed here by the Actors of New York to commemorate the American poet, Edgar Allan Poe, whose parents—David Poe, Jr., and Elizabeth Arnold, his wife—were actors, and whose renown should, therefore, be cherished with peculiar reverence and pride by the Dramatic Profession of his country. He was born in Boston, the 19th of January, 1809. He died in Baltimore, the 7th of October, 1849. He was great in his genius; unhappy in his life; wretched in his death. But in his fame he is immortal.

"Sæpius ventis agitur ingens  
Pinus, et celsæ graviore casu  
Decidunt turres, feriuntque summos  
Fulgura montes."

#### DUCKS AND THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

A SKETCH of a curious incident, which happened during a recent trip of the steamer *Roanoke*, of the Dominion Line, appears below. Entering Chesapeake Bay at night, with her electric light in full blaze at the bows, she encountered an immense flock of canvas-back and "red-head" ducks. The birds, dazzled and bewildered by the brilliancy of the light, flew into the rigging and against the house, and hundreds of them fell dead on the deck, while a large number tumbled into the water.

#### ARAB COURAGE.

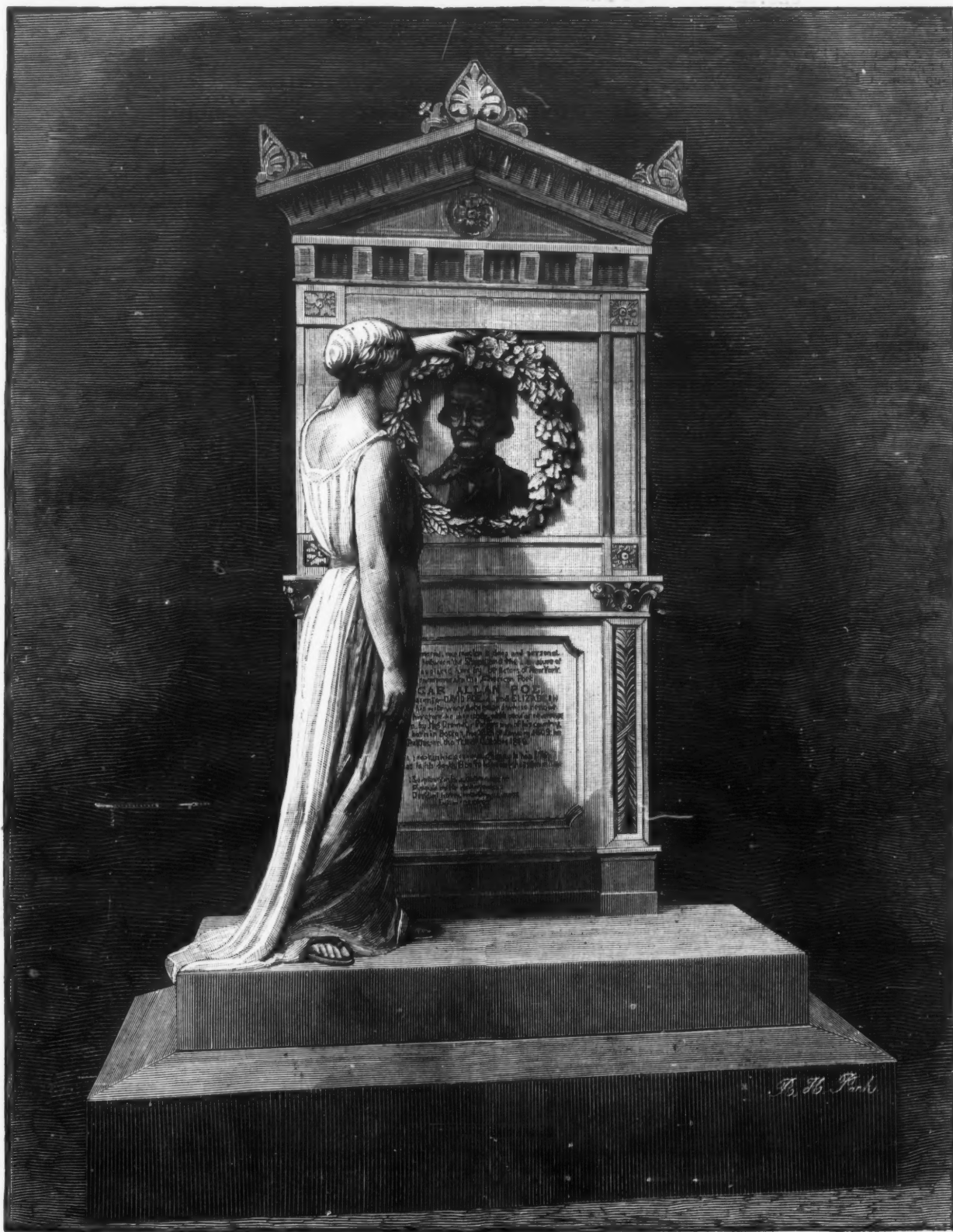
WHAT a flood of light these skirmishes on the Red Sea throw upon Mohammedan history, and especially upon those two most obscure series of events—the early conquests of the Arabian Khalifs, and the successive failures of the Crusading armies to turn Palestine into a European province! Writer after writer has attempted to account for the defeat of the Roman armies, still the best disciplined in the world, by Arabs less numerous and less disciplined than themselves, and has failed; and, conscious of failure, has consoled himself either by depreciating the Roman troops as effete and enfeebled

by luxury, or by raising "fanaticism" into a military quality of almost supernatural force. Even Sir William Muir is forced to explain the marvelous battle of Yakuza—the battle which

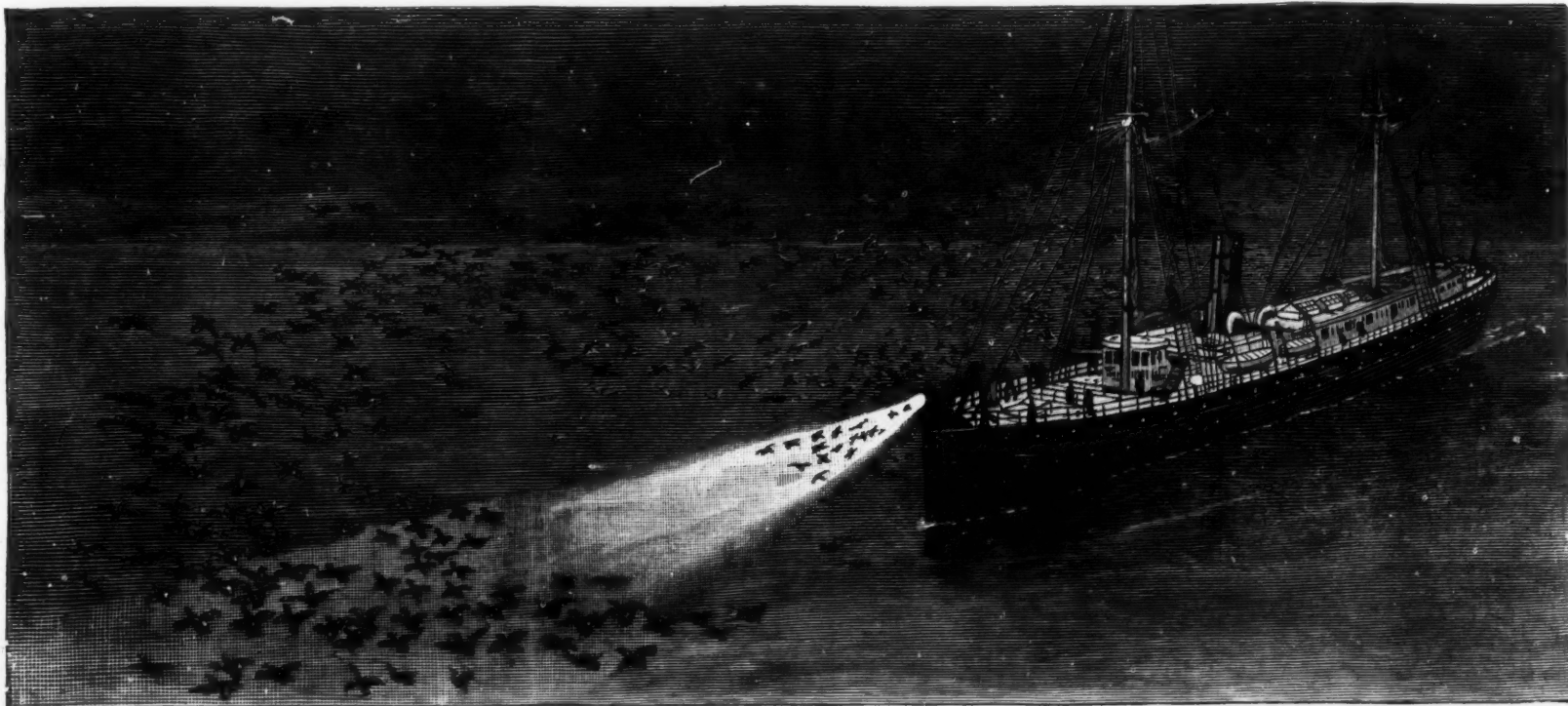
prostrated Heraclius and deprived the Eastern Empire of Syria—by hinting that, what with their new creed and their hunger for booty, and their desire for the female captives, who were after each

severely wounded in an encounter with the enemy. Towards evening the Romans began to falter. Khalid, quickly perceiving that their horse were declining from the infantry, launched his centre

victory distributed among them, Khalid's soldiers had become, as it were, transformed into the greatest warriors of the age. It was, no doubt, a marvelous battle. Heraclius, at last alarmed for the Roman dominion—which, we must remember, seemed to him, and to all of his generation, a part of the divinely imposed order of mankind—had dispatched a great army of 90,000 Regulars, assisted by clouds of auxiliaries, chiefly Bedouins, exceeding 150,000 in number, to make a final end of the new and threatening power. They encamped on the bank of the Yermuk, in Syria, under the command of the Emperor's brother Theodoric, and his celebrated Gen. Bahan, the Armenian, and so alarmed the Moslem Sheikhs, who controlled only 40,000 men, that at first they avoided battle. They counted their enemies, and would not attack. Khalid, however, made a forced march across the Desert—his picked men living for five days on the water extracted from the slaughtered camels—induced the Sheikhs to intrust to him the supreme command, and in one tremendous day in September, A. D. 634, utterly destroyed the Roman hosts. After a skirmish, in which four hundred Arabs taken by surprise vowed to die, and died sword in hand, Khalid ordered a general advance: "The Romans, too, advanced, and the charge was met on both sides with the sword. All the day the battle raged. Fortune varied; and the carnage amongst the Moslems, as well as the Romans, was great. Ikrima's gallant company, holding their ground firm as a rock in front of Khalid's tent, bore the brunt of the day; they were slain or disabled almost to a man. So fierce were the Arabs, that even the women joined their husbands and brothers in the field; and Huweiria, daughter of Abu Sofian, inheriting the spirit of her mother Hind, was



NEW YORK CITY.—ACTORS' MONUMENT TO EDGAR ALLAN POE, TO BE UNVAILED AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, MAY 4TH.



CHESAPEAKE BAY.—WILD DUCKS STARTLED BY THE STEAMER "ROANOKE," AT NIGHT.



as a wedge between the two. The cavalry, with nothing behind them but the precipice, made a fierce charge for their lives; the Moslem troops opened to let them pass, and so they gained the open country and never again appeared. The Moslems then turned right and left upon the remaining force cooped-up between the ravine and the chasm; and, as they drove all before them, the Romans on both hands were toppled over the bank even as a wall is toppled over. The battle drew on into the night, but opposition was now in vain. Those that escaped the sword were hurled in a moving mass over the edge into the yawning gulf. One struggling would draw ten others with him, the free as well as chained. And so, in dire confusion and dismay, the whole multitude perished. The fatal chasm Yacusa engulfed, we are told, 100,000 men. Ficar, the Roman general, and his fellow-captains, unable to bear the sight, sat down, drew their togas around them, and, hiding their faces in despair and shame, awaited thus their fate. The "chained" men were picked soldiers, who chained themselves together to make charges in mass. Sir General Graham would, we think, understand that story, and account for the Moslem victory by military reasons, the simple explanation being that the Arabs fought then, as they fight now, with a fury, a perseverance, and a contempt of death, which scarcely any troops in the world have ever surpassed.

## FUN.

NEVER speak of a grocer as a man of grit. He might suspect that you doubted the honesty of his sugar.

Among other receipts is one for making an "Oyster Loaf." Now, why should idleness, even in an oyster, be encouraged?

SATIRICAL.—An obituary says: "Mr. — was an estimable citizen. He lived uprightly; he died with perfect resignation—he had been recently married."

We agree with a recent writer that "It's all nonsense to say that eating pies is unhealthy." It is trying to digest them that raises the mischief with one's health.

## SLEEP FOR THE SLEEPLESS.

It was Coleridge who put into the mouth of that quaint old genius, the "Ancient Mariner," the words, "O, sleep, it is a blessed thing. Beloved from pole to pole."

The man who regularly enjoys sound and refreshing sleep has no adequate conception of all these words imply. It is to the sufferer who in sleepless weariness tosses on the bed half the night, and towards daylight snatches a little unsatisfactory slumber, that their full meaning is apparent. The man who digests well and sleeps well can stand almost any amount of hard work. It is not work that kills people, it is worry. The work that is followed by restless sleep brings good health and strength; for the daily waste of the body is repaired during the night. But the worry that oppresses the victim of insomnia during a sleepless night is what racks the system, wears out the muscles, torments the nerves and bewilders the brain, so that life seems scarcely worth living.

"Insomnia" is a growing evil. In this busy age, when active men are all the time overworking themselves, there are five times as many people tormented with inability to sleep as there were a generation ago. We are living under higher pressure. "Insomnia" is of different kinds, and proceeds from different mental and physical causes. But most of it may be summed up as to character in the words "can't sleep"; and as to cause, in indigestion or overworked brain and nerves.

A most marked case of insomnia and recovery from it, is that of Arthur Hagan, Esq., the well-known wholesale tobacconist, of Philadelphia. Mr. Hagan is one of the largest dealers in tobacco, and is the Philadelphia representative of the great Baltimore house of G. W. Gail & Ax. In the interest of those who are inquiring the best way to secure sound sleep, and to triumph over the torments of insomnia, one of our editors called on Mr. Hagan at his store, on North Front Street. If he had been looking among a party of gentlemen for one who had been badly run down by dyspepsia and insomnia, Mr. Hagan would not have been the one selected. That gentleman now looks in such excellent physical condition that nobody would suppose him ever to have suffered from a day's illness or a night's loss of rest. In response to questions as to his past and present experience, Mr. Hagan said to our editor:

"My case was one of severe and long-continued insomnia, proceeding largely from dyspepsia, the result of too great application to business. My system was very badly run down. Sleep became almost an impossibility. My physical distress during the night from being unable to secure refreshing slumber was dreadful. It weakened and distracted me during the day, and made attention to business a slow martyrdom. For five or six years I was from time to time under the care of different physicians receiving occasionally some measure of benefit, yet on the whole gaining no material advantage. I was put on very low and simple diet, consisting principally of skimmed milk."

"After passing through a long variety of experiences as to physic and diet, I one day happened to pass the office of Drs. Starkey & Palen, and I noticed the sign of 'Compound Oxygen.' As other modes of treatment had failed, I thought this one could do no worse, and it might do better. So I went in at a venture and made trial of it. For some time I had been enduring the agony of dyspepsia, and for weeks I had not been able to sleep without the aid of chloral or other drugs. The Oxygen did not work an immediate miracle in me. But I soon saw that it was doing me good, and so I resolved to persist in its use and to give it a thorough trial. Before long I began to know the pleasure of real sleep. It was by degrees that my dyspepsia left me, and the power to sleep returned. I was greatly encouraged by my partial improvement, and this stimulated me to go on with great regularity and persistence. If my recovery was slow, it was real. I had the best of home-nursing and attention, and that was, of course, a material aid to me. For several months I regularly took the Compound Oxygen Treatment, carefully obeying the directions, and constantly gaining strength and freedom from disease. My system received the vitalizing which it so badly needed."

"About two years ago this took place, and I have enjoyed a prime condition of health since. I have been able to attend with pleasure and satisfaction to my business. I have no need now to resort to the Compound Oxygen Treatment, except occasionally for a cold or for some other temporary disorder. I take an abundance of exercise, and I eat and sleep as well as a man can wish to do."

"I have recommended Compound Oxygen to a number of friends, who have tried it with entire satisfaction. My friend Mr. E. W. Edwards, of this city, is notably one of these. He was badly run down by Bright's Disease and other infirmities, but was brought into good shape by the Compound Oxygen, and is now attending to business with ease and comfort. As a complete vitalizer of the system, the Oxygen is all that can be desired. It drives out disease by restoring vital action and putting the system in such a state of strength that disease has no chance to stay."

The reader will naturally seek more information on this interesting subject. It can be had in a pamphlet which is published by Doctors Starkey & Palen, 100 and 111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, and which will be mailed to any address on application.

## CLEVELAND'S STATE DINNERS.

THOUGH Cleveland did not tap that keg of whisky sent him by an admirer last Fall, he will follow the time-honored custom of having the most choice liquors at state dinners. A post of honor should be given DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKY, not only on account of its absolute purity, but because of its value in the prevention and cure of pneumonia, consumption, malaria, pulmonary diseases and fevers of all kinds. It makes the weak strong, and keeps the strong in the enjoyment of their strength. Sold everywhere. \$1 per bottle.

PROFESSOR C. A. BRYCE, M.D., LL.D., Editor Medical Clinic, Richmond, Va., says: "Loring Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic is a wonderful reconstructive agent, building up the general system and supplying lost nervous energy. In all wasting diseases and broken-down constitutions it is the agent." Also in female complaints, shattered nerves, dyspepsia and biliousness.

## BURNETT'S COCOAINE

PROMOTES THE GROWTH OF THE HAIR, AND renders it dark and glossy. It holds, in a liquid form, a large proportion of deodorized COCAINUM OIL, prepared expressly for this purpose. No other compound possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly suit the various conditions of the human hair.

## SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD-LIVER OIL

WITH Hypophosphates is more reliable as an agent in the cure of consumption, chronic coughs, throat affections and wasting disorders of children, than any other remedy known to medical science. It is almost as palatable as milk. We will send a four-ounce sample free for trial, except express charges. Address, SCOTT & BOWNE, 122 South Fifth Avenue, New York.

## PIANOS AND ORGANS.

THE attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of Messrs. CORNISH & CO., in our present issue, and the extraordinary low prices at which they offer their Pianos and Organs. We would advise our readers wanting either instrument, to write to Messrs. CORNISH & CO., with the assurance that they will receive fair dealing and full value for their money. Send for catalogue anyway. The home popularity of this well-known firm is attested by the election of Mr. Johnson Cornish, the Junior member, Mayor of Washington, N. J., the age of twenty-six, making him the youngest Mayor in the United States.

But few articles have reached such a world-wide reputation as ANGSTURA BITTERS. For over fifty years they have been the acknowledged standard regulators of the digestive organs. Their success has incited imitations. Be sure you get the genuine article, manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

## SOME FACTS ABOUT CORSETS.

THE annual sale of Corsets in the United States is about \$10,000,000, of which two millions are imported and eight millions are manufactured in this country. The largest manufacturers of the world are WARREN BROTHERS, whose factory is located at Bridgeport, Conn., with salesrooms at New York and Chicago. The business of this firm has been built up entirely within the past ten years, and is due largely to the discovery by them of a stiffener for corsets, called Coraline, which they use in place of the rigid and brittle whalebone heretofore employed. The cloth which this firm cut into corsets in a single year, if drawn out in a continuous line, would more than reach from Boston to Chicago, while the Coraline which they use in stiffening these corsets would extend over half-way around the earth.

For cholera morbus, colic, diarrhoea, dysentery or bloody flux, or to break up chills, fevers or inflammatory attacks, use Dr. PIERCE'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SMART-WEED OR WATER PEPPER. 50c. By druggists.

NATURE produces poisons, but also provides antidotes. If in the course of Nature water is produced or becomes impure, the natural filter—a stone quarried in Missouri by the GAYL & SONS Chemical Co.—will most effectively remove all those impurities and render it perfectly wholesome again. See their advertisement on the last page.

## ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

"Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer." Don't neglect your cough. If you do, your fate may be that of the countless thousands who have done likewise, and who to-day fill consumptive graves. Night-sweats, spitting of blood, weak lungs, and consumption itself, if taken in time, can be cured by the use of Dr. Cassell's "Golden Medical Discovery." This wonderful preparation has no equal as a remedy for lung and throat diseases. All druggists.

LUNDBORG'S PERFUME, Edenia.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

## YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.

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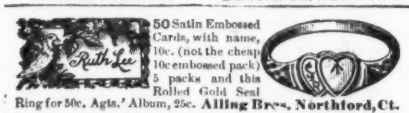
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